JOHN BULL

INSIDE: WONDERFUL SOUVENIR SUPPLEMENT IN COLOUR

The splendour of the CORONATION

Week Ending May 30 1953

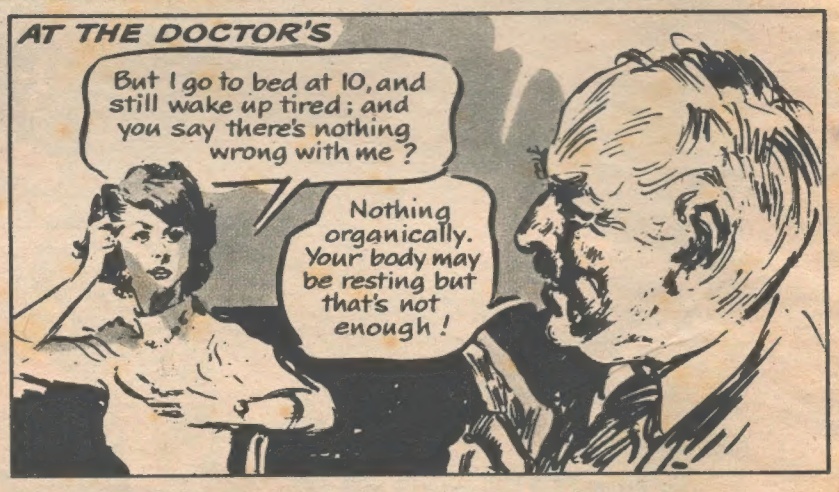
Every Wednesday Fourpence

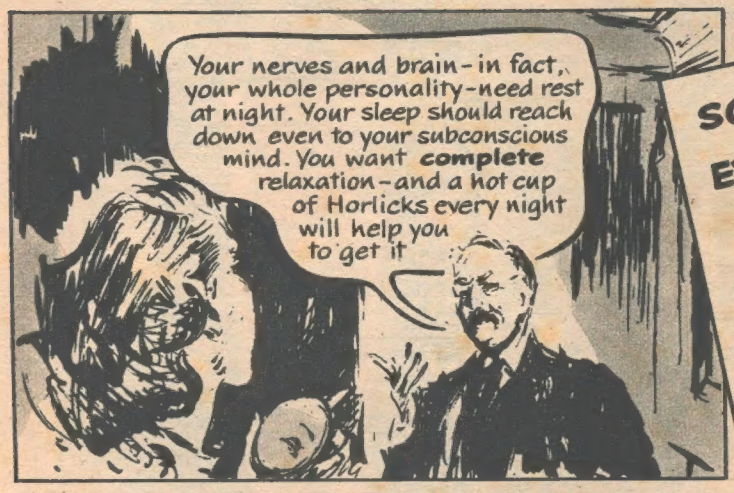
AFTER THE CORONATION
SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR JOHN BULL BY LAURENT

BEGINNING THIS WEEK } **NEVIL SHUTE'S SENSATIONAL NEW NOVEL**

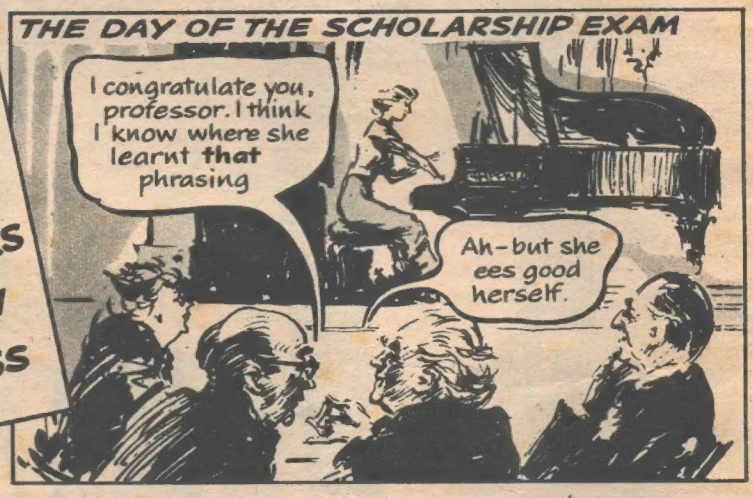
Facing THE Music

I'm sorry, professor, I'm playing badly
You play like thees, you fail your scholarship. These last veeks you play like a tired old woman

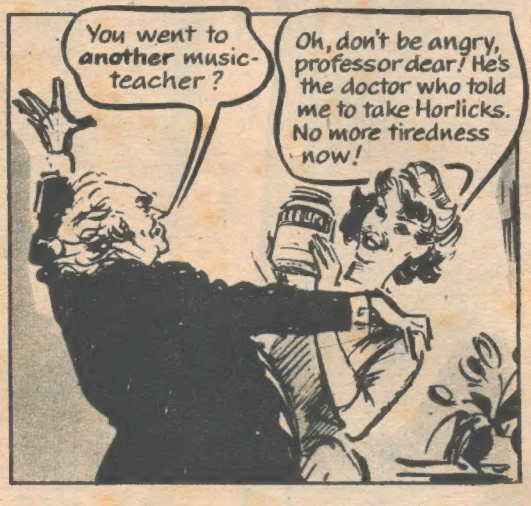

AT THE DOCTOR'S
But I go to bed at 10, and still wake up tired; and you say there's nothing wrong with me?
Nothing organically. Your body may be resting but that's not enough!


Your nerves and brain - in fact, your whole personality - need rest at night. Your sleep should reach down even to your subconscious mind. You want complete relaxation - and a hot cup of Horlicks every night will help you to get it

SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT... AND MISS SANDERS FINDS A NEW RESTFULNESS


THE DAY OF THE SCHOLARSHIP EXAM
I congratulate you, professor. I think I know where she learnt that phrasing
Ah - but she ees good herself.

THAT EVENING
Of course you have the scholarship! Yet only a month ago and I despair!
Ah! But I've had some real help since then... from Dr.—


You went to another music-teacher?
Oh, don't be angry, professor dear! He's the doctor who told me to take Horlicks. No more tiredness now!

"PITY I NEVER SAW MYSELF ASLEEP!"

"'Being asleep is no guarantee of a restful night,' said the doctor. If you watch people asleep and supposedly relaxed, you'd be surprised how *un-tranquil* they sometimes look. When they should be quiet and peaceful, they're often tense and uneasy.'

"Sleep like that isn't much use, apparently. One should have relaxed sleep, 'happy' sleep.

"The doctor also explained how Horlicks induces restfulness by removing disturbing stimuli in the bloodstream and digestive system. Soon after I began taking a cup of Horlicks every night, I found I was waking up feeling really refreshed and ready to practice for hours on end!"

HORLICKS *RESTORES YOU BY NIGHT*

Two Elizabeths

"THIS Kingdom," said Queen Elizabeth I to her Parliament in 1593, "hath had many noble and virtuous princes. I will not compare with any of them in wisdom, fortitude and other virtues—but in love, care, sincerity and justice I will compare with any prince that ever you had or shall have."

It was a bold claim, but she was entitled to make it. Our new Queen Elizabeth is even better so.

And, like her mighty namesake of three hundred years ago, she starts her reign acclaimed with great rejoicings, but in the shadow of a struggle for world domination.

AN all-conquering Spain was the foe of the little England of Elizabeth I. Her fewer than four million people, mostly farmers and seamen, faced twenty million Spaniards and innumerable allies belonging to what was then the greatest, wealthiest and most warlike empire in the world, which stretched from Italy to the Andes.

The bigger Britain of Elizabeth II faces much the same odds in the hostile Communist world which seeks to swamp and destroy our way of life.

True, we have powerful allies—but we have new economic weaknesses, and new menacing weapons to face.

The two struggles, three centuries apart, have a lot in common. Elizabeth I was not always openly at war with Spain, any more than Elizabeth II is completely at war with Communism.

BUT there was always a Cold War of ideological bigotry, tortuous diplomacy and ill-treatment of individuals. So it is today.

And, in the sixteenth century, the fighting went on continuously in far corners of the earth, in the jungles of Panama and remote West Indian bays. So it is today. Only the names, like Malaya and Korea, are different.

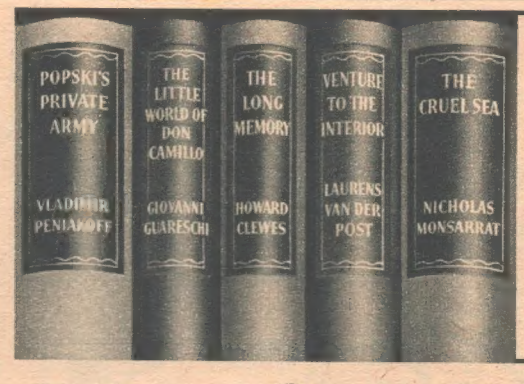
But all the odds against them did not daunt Elizabeth I and her subjects. England not only survived Spain's Cold War but smashed in battle the Armada in 1588.

WE wage a less romantic but just as real struggle for our liberty today. We pray that it will never flare up into a modern 1588. We know that, if it did, we should win again. But we would rather make the second Elizabethan Age another Golden one—of peace.

There is hope that we can do so. With peace could come an age of greatness founded on the affection and loyalty of the people for the Queen, who already enjoys one human advantage and deep comfort which the first Elizabeth never knew—the love of a family around her.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

FRED LAURENT has painted the Queen as she proceeds from the Abbey, "supported" by the Bishops of Durham and Bath. As the Coronation ceremony is over, St. Edward's crown has been replaced by the lighter state crown. The Queen wears the ring of kingly dignity and the collar of the garter, with St. George fighting the dragon, and carries the orb, symbol of Christian sovereignty, and the jewelled sceptre of royal power and justice.



NICHOLAS MONSARRAT
Author of "The Cruel Sea"
Club edition in October for 5/-

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JB 553

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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

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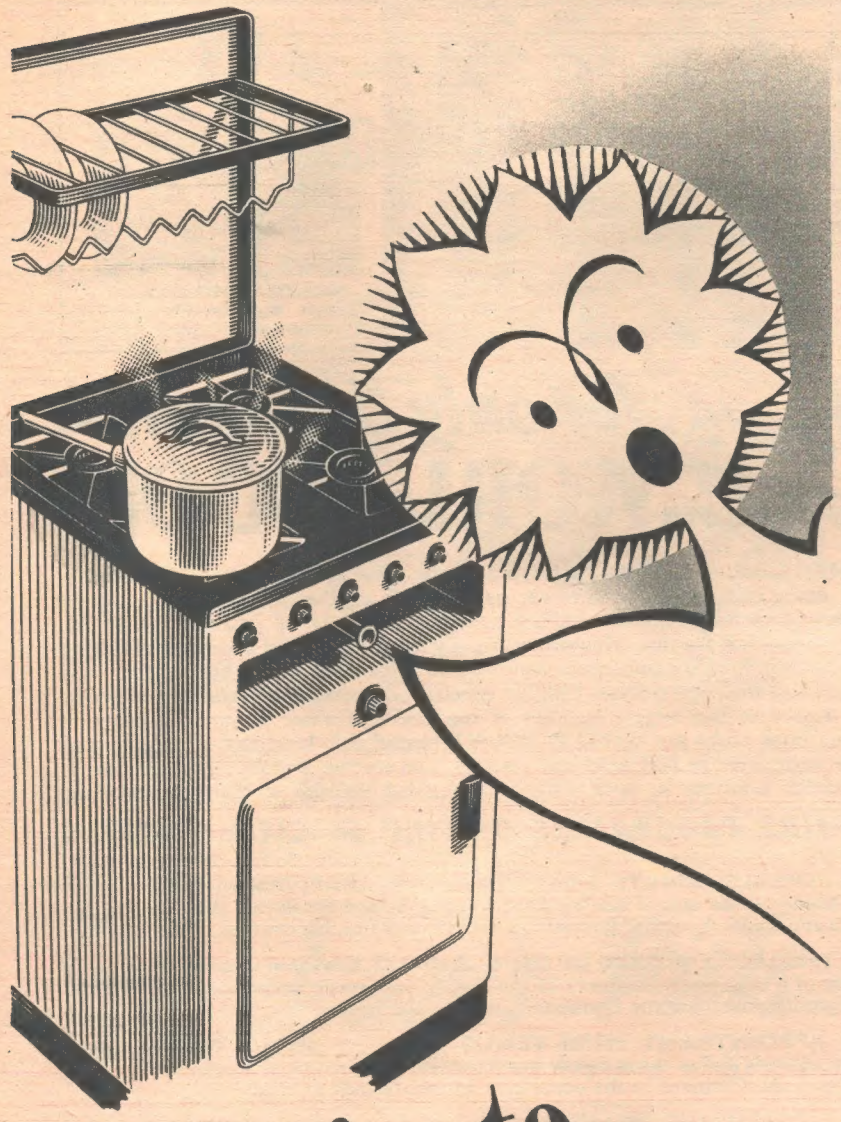
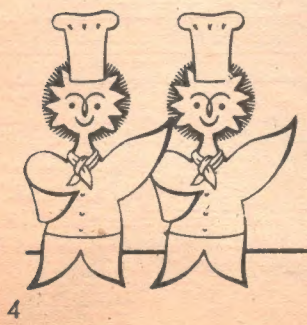


Unfair to Therms!

only 3 therms out of every 5
find work in the new gas cookers

It's true! The NEW gas cookers are putting a lot of therms out of work. That's how efficient they are — doing with only 3 therms of gas a better job of roasting, grilling, boiling and baking than many older models did with 5. These new cookers are easy on the purse (because they use less gas); easy on the eye (making the dullest kitchen brighter); and easy on the elbow grease, as well, since cleaning is so simple. And the 2 "unemployed" therms? By saving them, the new cookers conserve the nation's precious fuel. So you'll be doing yourself and the nation a good turn when you invest in one of the new gas cookers.

THERE IS NO PURCHASE TAX ON GAS COOKERS



save 2 therms out of 5
with a NEW gas cooker

Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

MAY 30, 1953 VOL. 93 NO. 2448 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Village teams keep cricket alive

WITH a fellow member of our village cricket team, I travelled to a famous ground to watch the Australians playing a county side.

The game started well enough, but by the end of the afternoon we were thoroughly bored by a sudden slowing down in play. In the train home my friend and I compared the local matches with the game we had just seen. "Miller and de Courcy took an hour to get nine runs," exclaimed my friend in disgust. "You'll never see that sort of thing on the village green. Why, last Saturday the doctor hit three sixes and seven fours in fifteen minutes." Our team also includes the bank manager and the butcher. Crowds watch us from the shade of the tall elms and from the old pub by our pitch. We feel that cricket in these surroundings is the real game. And although all the strokes may not be perfect, at least our one-day matches are alive from start to finish.—A. D. B., Buckinghamshire.

General Post

MY isolated village still recognizes the need for friendliness and help all round. The postman will bring us anything from shoe repairs to black puddings. While the doctor visits us for major and minor ailments alike, it is the grocer who delivers the medicine. The bus driver discreetly hands out fish and chips at various stops. I have had meat brought to me by the baker—or even posted.—MRS. JOYCE P. GARDNER, Somerset.

Camera Shy

I WAS interested to read that Alfred Vogel's camera scared the New Guinea pygmies ("Forgotten People," JOHN BULL, May 2). My uncle, recently returned from Africa, experienced the same thing. A party of men who had been there before him had shown a woman her photograph. She had fled, screaming, thinking her soul had been taken away. Now, when a photograph is wanted, the subject has to be surprised before he or she can run away. — SANDRA FORDHAM, Chelmsford Square, London, N.W.10.

Career Guidance

ONLY two out of forty parents who called at a school were seeking advice on careers for children who had failed the grammar school entrance exam., wrote a schoolmaster ("Free Speech," May 9). At a secondary school at Yiewsley, Middlesex, one of the child's parents is invited to meet the form-master and the Juvenile Employment Officer. The form-master reports on the child's best subjects. The parent states the occupation he or she would like the child to follow, and the child's prospects are discussed. The employment officer found a post for my daughter in three days, after she had tried for a week without success.—MRS. G. S., Hillingdon, Middlesex.

Safety Mirth

I WAS astounded at the reaction of the audience during a road safety film at a children's matinée. Each time a character was within inches of an untimely end, those kids cheered, laughed and clapped. Is this type of film just so much more waste of money?—MRS. M. SOWERSBY, West Street, Southend, Essex.

"Even though the youngsters are laughing, the road safety message may still be getting over," says the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. "But these films must be carefully chosen to suit children, and the presenter of the show should bring the points home afterwards."

Gift Token

WHEN Princess Margaret recently visited Sheffield to open a new school, the Lord Mayor presented her with an inscribed pearl-handled penknife. Princess Margaret accepted the gift, then I saw her open her handbag and promptly hand the Lord Mayor a halfpenny. How did this queer custom originate?—A. YELLAND, Meersbrook Road, Sheffield, Yorkshire.

Princess Margaret at the Sheffield ceremony

It is supposed to be unlucky to give a knife to a friend or acquaintance, as it symbolizes cutting the bond of union. The halfpenny—a token payment for the gift—avoids the risk.

Unused Insurance

MY car was out of action recently, and I obtained a credit note for the unused period of my third-party insurance. To my surprise, I found this credit note worthless when I did not renew the insurance—it counted only off the next renewal premium. Thus, the insurance company kept the whole of my money for absolutely no service. Yet I received an immediate cash refund of the unused licence fee. —LESLIE DALE, St. Luke's Avenue, Ilford, Essex.

"If the policy is temporarily suspended, this is the normal practice," says the Automobile Association. "But if the policy is discontinued altogether, the time during which it was in use is generally charged for at higher short-period rates, and the balance of the original premium refunded."

Aussie Alsatians

AUSTRALIA did not ban Alsatians as early as forty years ago ("Free Speech," May 2). My sister went to Australia in 1924, taking with her an Alsatian. She imported three more during 1925 and 1926 for breeding

COMING SOON IN JOHN BULL

Another article in the series

JOURNEY INTO BRITAIN

by HARRY HOPKINS

KIA-ORA the fruit squash

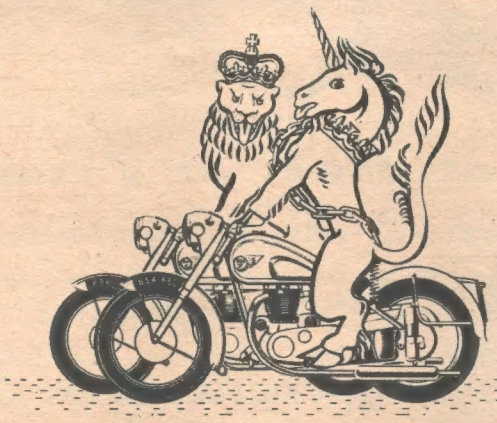
ORANGE, LEMON, LIME, GRAPEFRUIT & LEMON BARLEY, 3/-

CHILDREN'S ORANGE SQUASH *with extra vitamins* 1/11d. half bottle

The Lion and the Unicorn

"Good Lion," said the Unicorn,
"I'm tired of paying fares,
Let's pay our way, by B.S.A.
And wheel away our cares."

The Lion said, "Good Unicorn,
Cycling saves us cash,
And when we need more power and speed
We' ll choose the 'Golden Flash'."



The Lion and the Unicorn,
This Coronation Day,
Would say to all both great and small.
"You'd best choose B.S.A."

It's time you had a

BSA

The B.S.A. Golden Flash is Britain's Leading twin cylinder motor cycle: there's a B.S.A. Golden Wings Bicycle and many others in the B.S.A. ranges. Send a p.c. for catalogue, (say whether Bicycle or Motor Cycles please) to:—

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purposes, without restriction. In about 1928 some states feared interbreeding with the dingo. Some banned the Alsatian altogether, others raised licence fees for this dog.—MARY HARKESS, Ten Princes Road, Saltburn, Yorks.

Cover Controversy

YOUR excellent and amusing cover by the famous artist, A. R. Thomson, R.A. (JOHN BULL, May 9), reminds us that modern young people can still be natural. When I visited the gallery before the war a large painting of

Venus and the Milky Way caused even more embarrassment. — A. STRAWSON, Norwich, Norfolk.

. . . I am ashamed at this JOHN BULL cover. I shall have to turn its face to the wall.—MISS H. UNTHANK, Charles Street, Hartlepool.

. . . Congratulations on your finest-ever cover. I keep taking another look, to have another laugh.—WM. P. HOLROYD, Berry Hills Road, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

. . . Your cover is a disgrace. Let Paris keep its wonderful art. I prefer Douglas Mays.—OFFENDED MOTHER.

Friendly Advice

READING a New York paper, I saw this advertisement: "Pedestrians are guys who get hit by guys who drive cars. Don't get hit—HIT." The advertiser in question styled himself as "The friendliest dealer in town."—J. W. CARTWRIGHT, Whitfield Avenue, Newcastle under Lyme, Staffordshire.

Marathon At Home

WHILE I was ill in bed recently I observed that, on the average, my wife climbed the stairs thirty times a day, often carrying trays and hot-water bottles. I reckon that she climbed three times the height of the Empire State Building while I was ill—also making the corresponding descent. Even the daily routine of a housewife is considerable. Now I really wonder how she does it.—F. C. LAMB, Liverpool.

The Empire State Building is 1,472 feet high; but apart from stair climbing, the average housewife walks about eight and a half miles each day. In a year she washes 18,615 items of crockery, five miles of floor and three miles of linen.

Garden Welcome

SIX months ago my elderly mother became ill and left her country cottage to stay with me. She has always taken a great pride in her garden, and when she returned home she almost dreaded to open the garden gate after such a long absence. To her surprise her garden was as perfect as ever. The flower garden was a mass of bloom; the vegetable plot beautifully dug and planted. Knowing how fond of the garden she was, the villagers had taken it in turns to cultivate it.—MRS. JACKSON, Anglesea Road, London, S.E.18.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

John Bull's Coronation Paintings

KENNETH J. PETTS, one of Britain's finest artists, was commissioned by JOHN BULL to paint the picture of the Queen's crowning which appears in this week's Coronation supplement. Apart from the first rough sketches he made, Petts would not start work until every possible piece of research was made into the detail of the scene.

Numerous pictures of the Queen, the Crown Jewels, the Coronation Chair and its Westminster Abbey setting, and the richly decorative cope of the Archbishop of Canterbury, were checked. So that he could create the authentic glow of rich materials, Petts went to the London Museum at Kensington Palace and studied the robes of some of Britain's past monarchs.

Norman Hartnell's design for the Queen's Coronation dress remains a secret, so Petts decided to base his work on that worn by Queen Victoria at her Coronation in 1838.

Frederick Laurent took similar pains over the painting which appears on the cover of this issue. Colour photographs of the Queen's regalia were cross-checked for accuracy, as were the colours of the bishops' robes, the dresses of the Maids of Honour, the carpeting of the Abbey nave, and the George pendant which the Queen wears. Laurent based his version of the dress the Queen will wear when she leaves the Abbey on that worn at the last Coronation by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

Ronald Lampitt is another master of detail. Several years of drawing maps for the R.A.F., and painting covers for JOHN BULL, helped him to become Britain's leading "bird's-eye view" artist. Normally, he says, he is never methodical enough to carry a sketch book or collect much reference material, but works almost entirely from memory.

For the intricate picture of the scene of the Coronation procession which appears in this week's supplement, however, he walked along the whole route, making sketches. He then studied models and aerial photographs of the area before setting to work. The result is a clear picture of the route for TV viewers and radio listeners, and a fascinating view of the heart of London.

ROWNTREE'S
FRUIT GUMS

GOR-RAY *skirts one better!*

From left to right Coronation, Los Angeles, Duchess, Koneray, Stitched Gore at prices ranging from 42/- to 5 gns.

GOR-RAY LIMITED 107 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1

Terrified of crocodiles, I began to wade slowly into the flood. "Mr. Hargreaves!" Sister Finlay screamed after me. "Come back, Mr. Hargreaves!"

John Bull presents the book all Britain is talking about

IN THE WET

by NEVIL SHUTE

I HAVE NEVER BEFORE SAT DOWN to write anything so long as this may be, though I have written plenty of sermons and articles for parish magazines. I don't really know how to set about it, or how much I shall have to write, but as nobody is very likely to read it but myself perhaps that is of no great consequence.

The fact is, however, that I have been so troubled in my mind since I came back from Blazing Downs that I have not been able to sleep very well or to work whole-heartedly upon my parish business, and my services in the church have been mechanical and absent-minded.

I think it will help me if I try to write down what it is that has been bothering me, and then I think that I may send it to the bishop for him to look over. Perhaps the trouble is that I am getting a little old for duty in this somewhat unusual parish; if that should be the case I must accept whatever he decides.

My name is Roger Hargreaves and I have been ordained as a priest in the Church of England for forty-one years; I was sixty-three years old last month. I was born in the year 1890 at Portsmouth, and I was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School. I was ordained in 1912 and became curate of St. Mark's, at Guildford. In 1914 when the war broke out I went into the army as a chaplain, and I saw service in Gallipoli and in France.

After the war I was rather unsettled, and disinclined to return to parochial work in an English town. I was twenty-eight years old, unmarried and with nothing very much to keep me in England. It seemed to me that while I was still young and vigorous I should give a few years of my life to service in more difficult places, and after talking it over with the bishop I left for Australia to join the Bush Brotherhood in Queensland.

I served in the Bush Brotherhood for fourteen years, travelling very widely. During those fourteen years I had no settled home and I did not very often sleep more than two nights in one place.

In 1934 I got appendicitis at a place called Goodwood, three hundred miles from a hospital. I had peritonitis by the time I got there and I very nearly died. I didn't pick up very

ABRIDGED BY JOHN BULL

well after the operation, so very reluctantly I had to resign from the Brotherhood and I went back to England.

The bishop was most kind and gave me a very good living, St. Saviour's at Godalming, and there I settled down and met my dear wife, Ethel. Our few years of married life together were so happy I can hardly bear to write about them, so I shall not try to do so.

Ethel died in 1943, and we had no children. In wartime England there was much work for a vicar and I did not feel the call to greater service till the war was over. But then it seemed to me that Godalming required a married priest more than a widower, and that there were still parts of Queensland where a man of my experience could be of use, even though he were fifty-six years old. I gave up my parish and went back to Australia as the clergyman of an emigrant ship, and to my great delight I found that the Brotherhood was willing to take me back into its service again in spite of my age.

In 1950 an acute shortage of clergy developed in New Guinea; and with the consent of the Brotherhood I volunteered to go there for a few months to help them out of their difficulty.

I was fifty-nine when I flew up to Port Moresby, much too old for such a job, I suppose, but there was nobody else to go. I travelled widely in the country for a year, and I am afraid that I was careless in taking my Paludrine, because in September, 1951, I went down with a severe attack of malaria at Salamaua, and I was in hospital at Port Moresby for some weeks. That was the end of my service in New Guinea.

I mention that attack of malaria because I still get recurrences of it from time to time, though in a milder form. It has a place in the events that I am trying to write down.

The bishop was travelling in North Queensland where I convalesced, and he spoke to me of the desirability of my taking on less exacting work. He told me then that he was anxious to reopen the parish church at Landsborough and to provide a resident priest for the parish.

Landsborough is a town at the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria in what is known as the Gulf Country. The town was much larger fifty years ago than it is now; at the time of the gold-mining boom it had about twenty-five hotels—probably mere drinking shops, most of them—but now it has only two. There are about eighty permanent white residents there, counting men, women and children, and a floating population of two or three hundred blacks who live in deplorable conditions in iron shanties outside the town.

The church is a very simple weatherboard building. I am afraid it is rather sparsely furnished, and it could do with a coat of paint both inside and out as soon as we can get the money for it.

I was very glad to go to Landsborough, because, although by English standards it's not much of a parish, perhaps by English standards I'm not much of a clergyman, and for me it was a place where I could carry on the work that I was used to, gather a few books around me and live in comparative rest and comfort.

My parish is a large one. It extends about a hundred and sixty miles to the south, to the border of the Northern Territory, a hundred and twenty miles to the west and about fifty miles to the east in the direction of Normanton.

In the dry months of the year, from April to the end of November, I can get about it fairly easily. In the wet season, however, travelling is very difficult. No motor vehicle can move a hundred yards outside the town without getting bogged; station managers get in the stores that they require for four months in November and seldom appear again in Landsborough before the beginning of April.

Like every other parish in the world, the parish of St. Peter's, Landsborough, has its own special problems. The town is the social centre for a number of cattle stations in the country round about, and everyone comes to the race meetings, which are held twice a year in the Dry. Each meeting lasts for four days and the town is then very full with men sleeping everywhere—in bedrooms, on the verandas, in their utilities or on the bare earth of the paddocks rolled up in their swags—drunk or sober, but more frequently the former.

A parson who arrives to live in such a town, the first parson for seventeen years, must act with discretion. The two bars in the town are the natural meeting-places for men in from the stations; indeed, they are about the only places in Landsborough where men can meet and talk their business. If a stockman from a station far out in the bush comes into town to meet his friends and to hear new voices stating new ideas, he must stand in the bar all day, for there is nowhere else for him to go.

If then, with his starved mind refreshed with news and human company, he lies in drunken slumber in the back of his truck, should the parson rail against him from the pulpit? I do not know if he should or not; I only know that I have never done so.

I had hardly been six weeks in Landsborough when the first race meeting brought all the stockmen into the town in one body. At that time I was taking all my meals at the Post Office Hotel, the larger of the two, run by Bill Roberts and his wife. Cooking a meal is hardly practicable in my vicarage; I have a Primus stove on which I can boil a kettle for a cup of tea for my breakfast, but dinner and tea I usually take at the hotels, changing from one to the other every week to avoid offence.

For the next four days the hotel was a bedlam. Normally only one or two of the ten bedrooms would be occupied, but for the race week Bill Roberts set up seventeen extra beds in the verandas, and the other place had as many. A travelling roundabout for the children turned up from Cloncurry and was erected in the main street; it had a great loudspeaker that blared canned dance tunes every night till one in the morning, and could be heard ten miles out in the bush. Two pedlars arrived in trucks that opened up as shops, and to crown everything the cinema truck arrived on one of its infrequent visits, displaying films that I had seen ten years before in distant Godalming on the far side of the world. Miss Foster closed her school, and all the town went to the races. I went, too.

Towards the last race, I met Stevie for the first time in my life. I was standing with a little group that included Jim Maclaren, manager of Beverley station, when I saw a very

"It's not as if Stevie was a vicious man,"

"I set out to make people talk"

Few novels in recent years have caused so much controversy as *In The Wet*. It has been praised for its superb story-telling, and attacked for some of the ideas and opinions in it. But Nevil Shute is unperturbed.

"*In The Wet*," he says, "is an attempt to work out problems I've been turning over in my mind for years. If I've managed to get people talking about them—well, that's what I set out to do."

At fifty-four, Nevil Shute is used to gaining his objective. Beginning his career in the aircraft industry, he joined de Havillands in 1922. Eight years later, he had his own company. It took longer to become Britain's top best-selling novelist—his first novel, *Marazan*, was published in 1926, and *The Pied Piper*, his first really big success, not until 1942.

After a brief visit to Britain recently, he flew home, via America, to his hundred-acre farm twenty miles from Melbourne, where he has lived since 1950.

There, with his doctor-wife and his two daughters, Heather (twenty-one) and Shirley (eighteen)—both studying at Melbourne University—he leads what he admits is "the ideal life for a writer, or anyone else." He writes for five hours every weekday: 9 a.m. till 1 p.m.

"In the afternoon," he says, "I go round the farm supervising the work and taking a turn at the tractor." He raises beef cattle and pigs, selling them in local markets. His chief recreation is sailing: every Sunday finds him yacht-racing at Port Philip Bay, six miles from his home.

Nevil Shute's future plans are threefold. His next book—perhaps surprisingly—will be his autobiography. A British film company is preparing a screen version of his famous novel, *A Town Like Alice*, serialized in John Bull three years ago. And after that there will be a new novel—"almost certainly with an Australian background."

Sister Finlay said. "He'd be all right if it wasn't for drink. But the drink's got him now, and he's got to have it. That, or something else"

tattered old man zigzagging towards me. He wore a dirty blue shirt without a collar, open to show his skinny chest, and dirty drill trousers held up by a ringer's belt with a leather slot for the knife and a leather pocket for the tin box of matches. He had no hat; he was very tanned, with lean, not unpleasant, features; he had worn-out elastic-sided riding boots upon his feet. He was unshaven and rather drunk; indeed, he looked as if he had been rather drunk for some considerable time.

He came up to us and stood swaying a little, and said, "You're the new parson."

"That's right," I said, and held out my hand to him. "My name's Roger Hargreaves."

He took my hand and shook it, and went on shaking it; he wouldn't let it go. "Roger Hargreaves," he said seriously. There was a pause while he considered that information.

EVERYONE was smiling a little, watching to see how the new parson reacted to this drunk old man.

"Good on you," he said at last, after another pause. "The Reverend Roger Hargreaves. That's what they call you."

"That's right," I assured him. "That's my name."

He stood there motionless, still holding my hand, while his mind changed gear. "I heard about you," he said. "You're a Pommie. A bloody Pommie."

"Aw, cut it out," Jim Maclaren beside me said. "Mr. Hargreaves, he's been in Queensland twenty years. Buzz off and buy yourself a beer, Stevie. I'll shout you one."

"Mr. Hargreaves!" said the old man scornfully. He still had me by the hand. "If he's right, why don't you call him by his name? His name's Roger."

"He's right," said Jim. "I called him Mr. Hargreaves because he's the vicar. Buzz off and get yourself a beer. Tell Albert that I'm shouting for you—I'll be along in a minute."

"He's all right," I said to Jim. I turned to the old man. "What's your name?"

"Stevie," he said. "I'm Stevie and you're Roger. Put it there, chum." He shook my hand vigorously. He peered up into my face and breathed stale beer at me. "Cobbers, ain't we?"

"That's right," I said. "You're Stevie, and we're cobbers."

He released my hand at last, and stood swaying before us. "He's right," he informed Jim, "even if he is a bloody Pommie." He turned to me, full of goodwill. "Who're you betting on?"

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY SEABRIGHT

I smiled. "I'm the vicar," I said. "Two bob on the Tote is my limit. I was thinking of going on Frenzy."

"Don't do it," he said earnestly. "Don't do it, Roger. Black Joke. You go on Black Joke and you'll be right."

"Aw, you're nuts, Stevie," said Fred Hanson. "Come on over 'n I'll shout you one."

HE took the old man by the arm and drew him away towards the bar. I glanced at Jim Maclaren, and we were both smiling.

"Who's he?" I asked.

"Stevie? Oh, he's always about. Lives with a Chinaman about ten miles out. He don't do nothing now—he's too old. Used to be a good man once, they tell me. I did hear he was a manager of Wonamboola, years ago." He hesitated, and glanced at me. "Bit of a nuisance, now and then."

I turned and looked at the Tote board behind us; up till then only one punter had fancied Black Joke.

"What about Black Joke?" I asked.

"He's a joke, all right," said Jim. "You stay on Frenzy, Mr. Hargreaves."

I wandered away just before the race and had

"Stevie very sick," old Liang told me. "I want Sister come and see him, or perhaps he die"

a look at the horses as they cantered down to the start. Frenzy was the only one with any breeding; Black Joke was a thin, starved looking animal with a big head and a small rump.

I strolled towards the Tote and there was still only one backer for Stevie's fancy, against over forty on Frenzy. The dividend, if certain, would be very small. I thought of old Stevie, whom I was sure to meet again, and who was sure to ask me what I had backed, and I put my two bob on Black Joke.

And, astonishingly, Black Joke won. Nervous after several false starts, Frenzy went out of control, barging against Daisy Bell, who fell, and Coral Sea, who sat down on his haunches for a rest. Frenzy jumped the low rail and made off into the gum trees with his rider standing in the stirrups sawing at his mouth and cursing. Black Joke was left to race against a poor little mare called Cleopatra, and won by a length. I collected two pounds seventeen and sixpence from the Tote.

I looked around for Stevie, but he was nowhere to be seen. I was rather glad of that, because if I had seen him then I could hardly have avoided standing him a beer, and he had had quite enough.

I did not see Stevie again that night, but I learned a little more about him. He had been in the Gulf Country for as long as anyone could remember. There was a tradition, backed by the pilot of the air ambulance, that Stevie had served in the Royal Flying Corps in the first World War, and that he had been a pilot. He was known to have been manager of Wonamboola station some time in the twenties, probably soon after that war, but nobody was old enough to remember that time personally.

Since then he had gone steadily downhill. He had worked as a saddler and as a cook on various stations at various times; nobody in the bar that night knew his surname and nobody knew of any relatives that he might have. He was now unemployable, but he had a pension of some kind that he drew from the post office.

He lived with an old Chinaman called Liang Shih, who ran a market garden ten or twelve miles out of town, and he helped in the garden in return for his keep. These two men lived alone. Stevie never had any money in his pocket because his habit was to go straight from the post office to the hotel and drink his pension before going home, but when his clothes became indecent, Sergeant Donovan of the mounted police would wait for him outside the post office and take him to the store and make him buy a new pair of pants before releasing him to the bar.

I KNEW a little about Liang Shih, because he was the only source of fresh vegetables in Landsborough. He had his garden between two long waterholes on rather a remote part of Dorset Downs station, about fifteen miles from the homestead, and grew every kind of vegetable in great profusion. Twice a week, on Mondays and Thursdays, he would drive into town in a two-wheeled cart drawn by an old horse to sell his vegetables, and then he would go straight back home. He did not drink at all.

I met Stevie next morning in the street as I was on my way to the hospital. The bar did not open until ten o'clock, and he was looking pretty bad; his hair was matted, his eyes bloodshot, and his hand was shaking.

I stopped by him and said: "I got on Black Joke, like you told me to."

He mouthed his dry lips, and said: "Good on you. They told me last night in the hotel. Got a drink in your place, cobber?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," I said. "I don't keep it in the vicarage." I paused, and then I said, because his distress was evident, "The bar opens at ten. Go up to my place, the first house this side of the church, and have

Continued on page 36

ILLUSTRATION BY EDWARD OSMOND

Our torpedo had disappeared! For a moment I thought I had gone mad. Then I was shot off my feet by a thunderous explosion—*beneath our own bows!*

UNBROKEN (3) by Lieutenant-Commander ALASTAIR MARS, D.S.O., D.S.C.

I make my first kill

AT 11 A.M. on April 23, 1942, we reached a position dominating the approaches to Genoa. It was a dramatic moment. At last we were in the "free for all" area—that section of sea in which any vessel could be sunk on sight. For the first time since her launching, the Unbroken was patrolling the Mediterranean hungry for a kill. This time we meant business.

The boat buzzed with excited chatter and wild speculation. Routine tasks were performed with revived zest and vigour, and even the motors seemed to purr with new-found sweetness. Naturally, I was pleased to see the crew in such good spirits, yet their enthusiasm gave me some anxiety.

Now, more than ever, I realized that if an attack came our way it *had* to succeed. After all the months of waiting and training, there would be a morale-shattering anti-climax if I failed them now. There was also the knowledge that, as we were the only operational submarine in the western Mediterranean, everyone at Malta and Gib was hoping and praying for our safety and success. Such was our meagre shoestring of resources in those grim days of early 1942 that even the tiny Unbroken was a considerable weight in the balance of Mediterranean power.

Ours was the only fighting submarine left in the entire Western Mediterranean. The attack *had* to succeed—not only to prove myself to my crew, but to show that the Navy still packed a punch

At eleven fifteen we planed towards the surface, and as the water drained from the periscope glass I saw in the far distance the masts of numerous yachts and schooners. They made a charming sight against the green background of the Italian mainland—until one realized they were anti-submarine vessels. For a moment I was tempted to tackle one, but I knew we must concentrate on bigger game. Perhaps, if nothing else turned up, we would sink a schooner before making off. Such an action would undoubtedly close the port for a few days, for the Italians were more than a little nervous of our submarines, and it would demonstrate that despite many misfortunes the Royal Navy still packed a punch.

So we bided our time and waited, slowly patrolling to and fro, with a constant and hopeful watch through the periscope. We ate hurriedly, and grabbed short spells of sleep, but the day and the night passed without incident. I debated with myself whether or not to push off and hope for better luck on the way home. And then, on the following day, towards the end of the afternoon watch, we drew a horse. An outsider, but a horse.

I was in the wardroom writing up the patrol report when the voice of Taylor, my Number One, roared out: "Captain in the control room! Diving stations!"

Within three seconds I was at his side, and as I took the periscope from his hands he informed me: "Smoke to the nor'-west." There was a sudden prickling at the back of my neck. Yes, there was smoke right enough. I altered course to intercept, and swung the periscope to sweep

Loading a torpedo aboard Unbroken at Malta, 1942. In that year the crew torpedoed two fast-moving cruisers with one salvo—a record still unbeaten

the rest of the sea and the sky. Both were empty. "Group up!" I ordered. "Full ahead together. Eighty feet."

We shuddered as the propellers lashed us into greater speed . . . down, down, down, in a rattling, rolling dive. At eighty feet we straightened out. We were running blind towards our quarry—but were safe from prying aircraft.

Felt A Moment Of Pity

At our maximum underwater speed of about nine knots it took us fifteen minutes to travel two miles, a distance a torpedo could cover in a fifth of the time. I ordered a return to periscope depth. "Up periscope!" First the sky. Still empty. Then on to my target. A quick calculation told me she would pass across our bows in about twenty minutes—but at the impossible range of 12,000 yards. The chance of a hit at anything over eight thousand yards was infinitesimal. We must get nearer.

Again we plunged down and forwards. Paul Thirsk, the navigator, meanwhile, identified our target in Talbot Booth's book of silhouettes: a merchantman of 4,000 tons, about 350 feet in length. Well, 4,000 tons were better than nothing. . . .

We crept up for a final look. The sea and sky remained empty save for our quarry wallowing along her unsuspecting way. I felt a moment of pity for her crew, doubtless sleeping off their wine and garlic lunch.

"Range now?"

"Seven thousand yards, sir."

"Bearing?"

"Green one-five."

The figures were fed into the "fruit machine" operated by Haddow, the armament officer, and Thirsk. It was an extraordinary contraption which, when given such information as the speed, bearing and range of the target, revealed just where and when a torpedo should be fired in order to score a hit. It was not infallible, depending as it did upon human estimations and calculations, but it was a help. On this occasion it told me we had two minutes to spare before she crossed our sights. I decided to creep nearer and reduce the range. My heart raced and my mouth was dry.

From forrard: "Number one tube ready . . . number two tube ready . . . number three tube ready."

From Cryer, the asdic operator: "Still a steady one-two-oh revs, sir." Normally this would mean she was doing twelve knots, but I was certain that this cargo wallopper had never done more than ten in her life, and was now crawling along at eight.

"Stand By . . . Fire!"

The D.A.—director angle—was set on the periscope by Chief Engineroom Artificer Manuel, his arms around me holding the handles steady on the bearing as I watched the target creep into my narrow circle of view. With infuriating slowness she approached the centre sight line. Her range was so great that we would have to fire a dispersed salvo at forty-five second intervals—an unconscionable time to wait.

She was almost touching the sighting line. I swallowed. "Stand by. . . . *Fire one!*"

The boat recoiled and bounced to the shock of the discharge, and a pressure on the ears indicated that the compressed air which fired the torpedo had been vented back into the boat. (The air had to come back into the submarine, for if it followed the torpedo into the sea it would make an enormous white bubble.)

From forrard: "Number one tube fired."

From Cryer: "Torpedo running."

The Torpedoes Close In

Through the periscope I followed its track as it closed the distance between us and the merchantman. Despite its forty-five knots, the torpedo seemed to creep through the water like an aquatic snail. On . . . on . . . on, until Haddow, holding the stop watch, ordered: "Fire two!"

Lord, was that forty-five seconds? It seemed as many minutes.

"Number two tube fired."

"Torpedo running."

A quick glance at the still empty blue sky, then on to the track of the second torpedo.

At last: "Number three tube fired."

"Torpedo running."

Now we could only hope. I straightened, gestured with a finger, and the periscope was lowered. "Eighty feet. Group up. Full ahead together. Starboard twenty-five. Steer north." It was essential to get away from the tell-tale spot where the torpedo tracks started.

I stood at Haddow's side and watched the seconds tick past on the stopwatch. Everyone's ears were strained to catch the sound of a hit.

One minute.

Someone spoke, but was immediately silenced. I raised my eyes and saw Peter Churchill, the secret agent, who was returning with us after having landed his four saboteur colleagues in

Antibes Bay, peering round the door of the wardroom. He winked. I winked back.

Two minutes.

We were a fair distance now from the torpedo tracks, so I ordered: "Group down. Slow ahead together." As speed was reduced the clattering vibrations diminished, and we would be able to hear more clearly the sounds of any explosions.

Six minutes.

I was soaked with perspiration, and the air inside the submarine was a heavy, foul blanket. To its natural staleness were added the odours of three dozen people who had neither bathed nor washed their clothes for a fortnight.

Seven minutes.

By this time the torpedoes had run eight thousand yards. Either we had missed the merchantman or she was out of range. . . . Then we heard it—the unmistakable sound of a torpedo striking home, a noise Churchill described admirably as an outsize monkey-wrench falling on a corrugated iron roof. There was a great, spontaneous cheer from the sailors. Two minutes later we heard two deeper explosions as the other torpedoes hit the bottom.

Drama At The Periscope

Slowly we returned to periscope depth. The merchantman was stopped and down by the stern. A plume of white steam trailed upwards from her funnel. She listed badly to port. "We've got her," I announced. "Want a look, Number One?"

Quickly Taylor fixed his eye to the periscope. "She seems to be sinking stern first," he said—and another cheer filled the boat.

There was no longer any point in loafing around at periscope depth. The water was clear and calm and a patrolling aircraft might well sweep across from the Italian mainland. We dived to eighty feet, "fell out" diving stations and headed seawards.

I felt I could claim the ship as "hit, probably sunk." She had a long way to go to the beach, and with Cryer's report that her propellers were stopped, a severe list to port and a hit in the stern, it did not seem a wild claim. My only fear was that no one would believe we had managed such a sinking at a range of more than 8,000 yards. There were, indeed, a few doubts about it among the submariners at Gib, but they were quickly silenced when confirmation came through that the merchantman had gone down. Leading Telegraphist Johnny Crutch, meanwhile, needed no such confirmation before sewing a white bar on our Jolly Roger to signify the achievement.

Steering southwards at eighty feet, we waited anxiously for retribution. It was quite possible for a team of destroyers or patrol craft to be sent in search of us, backed by low-flying aircraft. But none came, and I blessed our good fortune and allowed myself to relax. I had forgotten the old Spanish proverb—"Take what you want, says God, and pay for it."

We had taken what we wanted, and were to pay for it with the ugliest incident I had yet experienced in the submarine service.

Impatient For More Kills

We spent a further thirty-six hours in the Gulf of Genoa anxious to stalk fresh prey, but the enemy kept his distance and the time came to start back towards Gibraltar. Although disappointed, I reckoned that even if we had a clear run home our patrol had been justified. We were "blooded," and I had proved myself to the crew.

In a way I was not sorry to pause for breath, for the intense concentration needed for the attack on the merchantman, coming after a long debilitating period at sea, had left me tired and temporarily washed-out. But I was back on top of my form and impatient for further action when, at dawn on April 26, soon after we dived, Thirsk called out: "Diving stations! Captain in the control-room!"

Through the periscope I saw to starboard a schooner of about two hundred tons. We were twelve miles off Bordighera, and still in the "free for all" area. Hospital ships, boats carrying comforts to prisoners of war, and neutral vessels would be about thirty miles to the south in the "safe" area. Consequently I did not need to examine any books before deciding to attack her.

"Stand by gun action," I ordered. The gun's crew hurried into the control-room from forrard and waited, curious, at the foot of the conning tower.

"Open the lower lid, sir?" inquired Signalman Osborne.

"Yes, open up."

He unclipped the lower hatch and the gun's crew, led by "Pedro" Fenton, the gunlayer, climbed the conning tower. As we surfaced he would open the upper hatch and lead the gun's crew to their action stations. It would be one of the rare occasions when a rating was first out of the conning tower, and the reason was to save valuable seconds manning the gun. Haddow would follow them, timing his arrival to coincide with the firing of the first round so that he could start correcting the fall of shot immediately. Then it would be my turn.

"Bearing green three-oh, a schooner," I informed Haddow. "Range oh-one-five. Open fire with H.E. on surfacing." As Haddow passed this information to Fenton I turned to Taylor. "Take her down to forty feet." I lowered the periscope. We started blowing the main ballast tanks at thirty-eight feet, held the boat down with the hydroplanes, reversed them and shot towards the surface like a cork.

"Up periscope."

The schooner was steaming slowly on the same course. "Deflection six left," I told Haddow, "and remember the range is closing."

At twelve feet Taylor blew his whistle. As we made the last few feet to the surface the hatch flew open, the gun's crew scrambled out, and a flood of water poured down the conning tower. I followed Haddow to the bridge just as the first shot was fired. The schooner was now about 1,500 yards away.

The first shell went to the left of her, the

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Alastair Mars greets his wife "Ting" and children, Peter and June, outside his London home. June, born two days before he sailed from Britain, was fifteen months old when he first saw her

The Fighting Frogs

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

They had sat in the window for sixty years—to Mr. Whale's secret pride and Mr. Gorpender's secret hate

MR. GORPENDER had the tips of his fingers on the counter listening to Mr. Whale. The darker part of the shop where the two old men stood was bathed in a soft radiance from the flasks set high in the old-fashioned window. A halo of mist hung over the flood of port wine red, green and gold.

In this mist Mr. Whale's voice floated.

It was after closing time and most of the lights in the shop were economically extinguished. The blinds were drawn over the door, leaving exposed only the brass plate that informed the public that in urgent cases application might be made to the bell adjoining. The street lamp on the kerb outside, fed from the gas meter in the shop itself, had blue panels and the inscription: *Whale and Gorpender, Chemists.*

Mr. Whale, a corpulent character with dark, deep-set eyes and a dried-out skin which gave the rather fantastic touch of an old, old monkey to his face, had a set of porcelain teeth that imposed an expression of great ferocity when he smiled. He was saying now on a biting edge of

Mr. Whale regarded the fancy hot-water bottle with distaste. Nervously, Mr. Gorpender explained: "I thought it would brighten the counters"

sarcasm: "Mothers and their babies! Well, really! Do I have to remind you of the class of people in the town who patronize us?"

Without moving, and curiously sculptural in the glow of the mist that held him, Mr. Gorpender said: "Only a suggestion, old chap."

Mr. Gorpender, the same age to a week as his cousin, had been brought up from early boyhood in the same home as Mr. Whale and had always had to defer to him, for even at a tender age Mr. Whale had a master mind and did not like to be crossed.

Mr. Gorpender, on the other hand, slow and easy-going by nature, had mellowed to a good-natured tranquillity, and was inclined to make a remark only just so often. He was never a match for the bantam ferocity of his partner. The two of them lived over the shop founded by their common and distinguished ancestor, Jonathan Whale, in the spacious days of Beau Nash when the Woods were building Prior Park and the Circus, to say nothing of Royal Crescent, nearer at hand.

The shop was in a cobbled street off St. James's Square, and children in that part of Bath would drag their nurses across the square to stand and gape enthralled at the window. For here on a platform of rich mahogany two stuffed frogs fought a duel.

The creatures were realistically poised, each with a paw raised behind its head, and they crossed pin-sized swords.

The window was Mr. Whale's secret pride. It had been there for sixty years and somewhere at the back of his unromantic head was a notion that it stood for what his profession stood for in his mind.

Mr. Whale would have nothing else in the window to mar the dignity of the frogs. They had been the inspiration of his father and it could be said they represented in a subtle way in these changing times Mr. Whale's colours nailed to the mast.

"Mothers and their sticky offspring," Mr. Whale was still saying. "Trooping in here to weigh them in this basket contraption that seems to have caught your fancy. I can't think what came over you to make the suggestion."

RAISING his tented fingers, Mr. Gorpender began to extinguish the remaining lights. In their actions about the shop the two men were curiously alike, in spite of their physical difference. In the things they said to the customers, too, it would have been hard to tell them apart.

When the doorbell clanged as you entered the establishment, one or other of the partners would emerge from the dispensary.

It might be Mr. Gorpender with his round glasses, flapping mildly like some benevolent walrus. Or it might be Mr. Whale, waspish and alert, with not much more than his chest top over the level of the counter. You would see them against a background of large china jars and rows of glass-stoppered bottles, courteous and polite with the deference to custom of the old school.

Indeed, there was something about the touch of Mr. Gorpender, as he sealed a wrapper about a bottle of medicine at the gas jet that plumed night and day beside the dispensary screen, that recalled the ambassadorial.

Mr. Whale was watching his partner now. He had a cold way of looking. "Babies in baskets," he repeated.

Mr. Gorpender raised a short pole that had a brass hook shaped like an S at the end and managed to engage a gas tap. The gas mantle over the dispensary screen plopped out. "I only thought, in passing, that with the small charge we could have made, and the booklet containing favourable advertising matter in which to enter the weight week by week——"

"Week by week!"

"Yes. The young mother, while in the shop, might have her eye caught by something and buy it."

"You are persisting in this idea?" Mr. Whale inquired. He said the words slowly, seeming to savour each one.

"Of course not, Harold."

"I should hope not indeed!" Mr. Whale clicked his teeth in an odd snapping motion. It was as if he had snicked off the end of that conversation.

Mr. Gorpender had one more job. He reached up and pulled on a brass ring attached to a thin chain hanging from a spherical globe and this turned off the gas in the mantle on the stairs.

He waited now for Mr. Whale to go up the stairs, for now only the glow from the window flasks filled the shop.

"You have curiously vulgar tastes, Charles," Mr. Whale said. "Always on the look-out for something modern and trashy. Your *Pamona*. . . ."

Mr. Gorpender coloured. He was looking back into the shop and could see the drawers behind the counter with their cryptic inscriptions in gold leaf: *Sul Pic, Pot Iod, Ung Nap*. . . . The row of snakes preserved in jars of alcohol. . . . The spiking gas jet, smeared with sealing wax, by the screen, like a finger in the sustaining dimness. . . .

HE was recalling the time when, led astray by the restlessness that sometimes gnawed him, he had invented the name *Pamona* and suggested a new label for the firm's famous hand lotion which had sold steadily all through the reign of Victoria under the original label which showed the bearded head of its inventor, Jonathan Whale, and the name of the product: *Whale and Gorpender's Celebrated Original Hand Lotion for Ladies.*

Mr. Gorpender closed the door at the top of the stairs behind him and soon the two old men were sitting down to the supper the woman had left for them. The indescribable smell of the shop had followed them.

"Charles," Mr. Whale said, "will you be so good as to close the door you left open?"

Mr. Gorpender could see from the tenor of this remark that his partner was still upset about the babies. Had the door been shut Mr. Whale would have asked for it to be opened. He was not so much a man who disliked being crossed as one who liked to be crossed so that he could take the matter up and adjust it. It gave him satisfaction to put Mr. Gorpender right.

"You may play that radio of yours, if you so wish," Mr. Whale now allowed. His strong teeth were champing their way steadily through lettuce.

"But the news has finished."

"As soon as I am out of the house," Mr. Whale reminded him, "you rush to the knobs and twiddle them. Why are you so diffident now?"

ALTHOUGH he tried, all Mr. Gorpender could get was the Regional stations relaying London, and London was enjoying, apparently, a very noisy comic.

"Try a foreign station, Charles," said Mr. Whale.

Mr. Gorpender tried them but everyone seemed to be talking at once on the French stations and some sort of rally was going on, it seemed, all over the rest of Europe. Mr. Whale disliked radio intensely, so that Mr. Gorpender knew that his offence still rankled. But he found the American Forces network in Europe, where a drama was unfolding, and resumed his salad.

Mr. Gorpender could recall an occasion on which his partner had been even angrier, though even then Mr. Whale gave no vigorous

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They dragged their nurse to the window, where, in solitary splendour, stood the duelling frogs

Backstage wizard of Sadler's Wells

by CHARLES HAMBLETT

Ballet dancers and singers take their problems to Johnny Glass. He has even shown the Devil how to light a pipe with his tail

THE GENERAL MANAGER of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, Stephen Arlen, looked worried. His secretary, Monica Wilkinson, had just informed him that the Ballets Jooss, due for a season at the Wells, had disembarked at Harwich and passed through the Customs without declaring half a dozen revolvers. The revolvers were blank cartridge models, props for Kurt Jooss's most famous ballet, *The Green Table*. Still, they should have been declared—and licensed. There was only one thing to do. "Send for Johnny Glass," said Arlen.

John Glass, a lean, sad and sensitive-looking man in his late thirties, is used to being consulted at short notice about matters concerning the staging of opera, ballet and plays at the State-subsidized theatre off Islington's colourful Angel district. He has spent much of his life serving Sadler's Wells, and for the past six years has been the theatre's production manager.

Dressing-room Jealousy

The problem of the revolvers was quickly solved. A consultation with a German composer who knew the company (then at Blackpool before opening at the Wells) merely disclosed that the firearms were "the sort that go off with a very loud bang." Glass made a telephone call to Blackpool and got a thorough description of the guns, including their numbers. He then telephoned the local police station. From there, the matter was officially reported to Scotland Yard's firearms department. Two days later, a licence was on its way to Blackpool, and Jooss —and the Sadler's Wells Theatre—had done the right thing by the law.

Glass is responsible for everything connected with the needs, real or fancied, of singers, dancers, musicians, designers and technicians working at the Wells. He is also responsible for building scenery, ensuring the efficiency of all scene changes, sending off touring companies, and transporting scenery and props to the permanent storerooms at Dalston.

Another of his duties is the delicate business of allocating dressing-rooms to artists. This can create formidable tensions in a theatre such as the Wells, where singers change after every show—frequently six or seven times weekly. Temperamental "principal ladies" must be persuaded to make room for mere "second principal ladies." Eminent tenors must clear out overnight for obscure baritones.

Much of his time is devoted to minimizing backstage hazards. Some weeks ago, Elizabeth Robinson, the singer who plays Cherubino in *The Marriage Of Figaro,* badly injured her foot while making a routine leap through a window in Act II. Her doctor forbade her to jump again.

Glass overcame this problem by having a special rostrum built behind the window. From the auditorium it looked like part of the window-sill. Behind the scenes, it extended to the right as a platform, five feet long. All the singer had to do was to jump sideways to the right, and land unobserved by the audience farther along the platform. The "leap" became a mere three-inch hop—and Miss Robinson remained in the cast.

Most opera singers are heavyweights. Glass and his staff of eighteen carpenters, scene shifters and property makers have, therefore, to make these bulky artists' stage movements as easy as possible. When La Tosca leaps from a seven-foot parapet, care must be taken that she lands four-square on a high pile of mattresses. Once, an absent-minded stage-hand placed the mattresses two feet out of alignment, and the lovely Tosca was badly shaken.

Falstaff is always a production worry. In this opera, the fat knight—invariably a heavy singer fantastically padded—has to be squeezed into a stout wicker laundry basket and tipped out of a window. The climax of this scene occurs after Falstaff has disappeared from the audience's view. Harassed stage-hands drag the heavy basket and its even heavier contents down steeply sloping runners, and cautiously extricate the puffing singer from his cramped wicker cage. Before each performance, Glass ensures that everything is in working order for this gargantuan backstage tussle.

He recalls with disquiet the bizarre stage devices needed for a brief episode in the opera *Schwanda The Bagpiper*. Roderick Jones, the singer, was detailed to sit on a rockery outside a city gate and swear on oath that he had never kissed a certain girl. He asks to be sent to hell if he is lying. Knowing that, in fact, he *had* kissed the girl, audiences expect fireworks. Glass saw that they got their money's worth.

Vanished In Cloud Of Smoke

There being no trapdoors in the Sadler's Wells stage, Glass's team built a special escape tunnel into the rockery. Schwanda then disappeared in a great flash of light, followed by a billow of smoke. To produce this smoke-screen, a magnesium flash was planted in the rockery and operated by an electrician in the wings. The whole scene ended with a barrage of thunder and lightning, and—thanks largely to Glass—there were no major mishaps.

Later in this opera, the Devil had to walk on, lighting a pipe with the tip of his tail. Glass produced this effect by fitting a small petrol lighter in the Devil's cloth-and-wire tail-tip. He carefully checked petrol and flint before each performance.

One of Glass's worst experiences was "the big Boxing Day flood" during the first winter of the war. This occurred when a carpenter mistakenly pulled the sprinkler release in the middle of a performance of *Die Fledermaus,* and water cascaded from the roof, drenching singers and orchestra. Glass, realizing that nothing could stop the deluge till the sprinkler was empty, hurriedly collected mops and pails and doled them out to stage-hands and chorus boys. Noticing a man standing unoccupied in the wings, he produced a bucket and curtly told him to lend a hand. Twenty minutes after, when the curtain had once more gone up, Glass realized that he had given the bucket to the show's famous producer, Tyrone Guthrie.

Production manager John Glass checks a list of properties with his assistant, Mary Owen.

"Pooh Bah Of The Wells"

"Johnny is the Pooh Bah around here," says Glass's assistant, Mary Owen. Appropriately, he is now preparing to receive the D'Oyly Carte company for a season at the Wells. Unlike *The Mikado's* Pooh Bah, Johnny lacks pomposity, but he *is* willing to "execute" anything—from installing a waterfall at short notice to reducing grandiose stage designs from Wembley Stadium to Sadler's Wells dimensions.

During a season, the Wells stages about ten different operas and twelve ballets, performing sometimes as many as five different operas and nine ballets between two productions of *La Traviata*. Since the props and sets for this opera cannot be left in the theatre during the five or six days between its two performances, Glass must store the scenery at Dalston.

The store is presided over by his father, another John Glass, known as "Jack" to avoid confusion. Jack, a fifty-nine year old former haulage contractor, presides over scenery, costumes and props, which range from baroque staircases from *Macbeth,* to sailing ships from *Peter Grimes,* the coffin from *Faust* and the gingerbread house from *Babes In The Wood*.

Each week, Glass sends his father detailed memoranda listing the operas to be stacked ready for carting to the theatre. Sometimes his photographic mind comes to the rescue, as when a long-forgotten opera is suddenly required. This last happened a few weeks ago, during the Sadler's Wells opera tour of northern England.

At Stockton, Jennifer Vyvyan, a coloratura soprano who plays Constanza in Mozart's *Il*

They try to save the theatre's money by re-using props from "dead" operas

Ballet mistress Barbara Fewster (right) takes the dancers of the Sadler's Wells ballet through a rehearsal. Glass has been busy recently preparing to stage the three new ballets created for the Sadler's Wells Coronation season

Seraglio, was taken ill with bronchitis. No other singer in the company could replace her. So, one morning at ten o'clock, Johnny was asked on the telephone: "Can you send sets, props and costumes of *La Bohème* to Stockton by tomorrow morning?"

This opera was classified as a "dead show"—one which had not been staged for seven years and was unlikely ever to be revived again in that particular production style. But within five hours its two hundred pieces of scenery, one thousand costume items, twelve forty-foot backcloths and props (including tubular chiming bells and papier mâché fruit) were on their way to Stockton.

Johnny Glass likes to be present during important scene-shifts. During a performance of *Don Giovanni*, there was a failure of the machinery operating the heavy weights that control the lifting and lowering of scenery. Knowing that the fault could not be repaired before the curtain rose on the next scene, Glass cut the ropes and grimly clung to the severed ends, manipulating the scene-change by hand. During the next scene he replaced the lead weights, keeping the discarded scenery out of sight till the final curtain fell.

Urgent Call For Scenery

Glass, whose personal musical taste inclines towards Duke Ellington, places all Sadler's Wells operas into two distinct groups: "light" and "heavy." This definition would, however, perplex music students. According to Johnny's classification, a "light" opera is one involving little scenery and fewer props. "Heavy" opera is cumbersome, difficult to shift, and occupies much space in storage.

The production manager's responsibilities are not confined to the theatre and stores. Three years ago, when the Theatre Royal at Hanley was burned down, the Sadler's Wells ballet was playing there. Most of their effects were lost, including personal belongings. Johnny, Mary and the team were asked to provide materials for nine other ballets and get them to the New Theatre at Hull by the following Sunday. It was then Thursday.

"We pieced together parts of *Façade*," Mary Owen recalls. "We knocked up some sky-cloths, rummaged out bits from various 'dead' ballets, assembled oddments of clothing and collected a few props. We also bought two dozen pairs of new dancing shoes. We then faced two unforeseen setbacks—a rail strike and Bank Holiday." Everything had to be driven to Hull by road. Johnny and Mary drove over night to avoid holiday jams.

Curtain Went Up On Time

They were unloading outside the theatre when the company arrived by bus from Hanley. "I never saw such a woebegone sight," Mary says. "They arrived clutching the burned shreds of their belongings, stunned and bedraggled. Elaine Fifield, who had lost everything, cried when she saw us."

Johnny and Mary spent the next twenty-four hours sorting out shoes, squeezing dancers into ill-fitting, make-shift costumes, and erecting the sets. Punctually on time, the curtain went up.

Glass's preparation for his present exacting job began, quite unconsciously, during his early childhood in the Waterloo Road, where he was born less than a hundred yards from the stage-door of the Old Vic Theatre. As a child he would accompany his father on his haulage rounds ("Coal in winter, ice in summer and furniture all the year round.") At fourteen, he got himself a job at the Old Vic. Under the visionary guidance of the late Lilian Baylis, the present Sadler's Wells Theatre was built, and in 1933, Glass was transferred there.

Of his present work as production manager, Glass says: "It's largely a matter of breaking things down into units." Those early jaunts on his father's haulage carts, he thinks, initiated him into this art. He recalls how an old widow once asked him to move her furniture. She told him that all she owned was a bed, a chest of drawers, a trunk and an old tin bath. He estimated that the job would take less than hour, and informed the client that it would cost her no more than five shillings.

When he arrived, however, he discovered that he had first to remove the windows in order to get the cumbersome bed out. Then he discovered that the chest of drawers was stuffed with heavy ornaments and fragile china. The trunk was full of old gramophone records, and the tin bath was stacked with coal. A five shilling job took several hours. Johnny was learning how to break things down into units.

Now he applies this knowledge to breaking down designers' visions to working reality, squeezing bulky prima donnas through narrow exits, and ensuring, by means of precision carpentry, that Romeo in Sutermeister's new opera is able to reach Juliet on her balcony gracefully.

Free Hand To Design Opera

His worst experience occurred two years ago. The management commissioned him to design an opera himself. Glass, who for years had been telling designers how to work for the stage, was now given a free hand to do it himself. "I think," he says, "that nearly every opera designer in London turned up for the first night."

The opera, *Katya Kabanova*, involved several elaborate scene changes. The first had to take place in fifteen seconds. Everything went smoothly during rehearsals. But on the night, a tree which should have flown smoothly on wires into a loft above the stage got jammed.

The scene shifters were petrified. As Johnny's personal friends, they felt the tension acutely. Then Johnny grasped a long pole and pushed back a piece of scenery which was jamming the tree. It jerked away, just as the orchestra struck up the cue for the curtain to rise.

The whole thing had taken less than ten seconds. But Johnny Glass had learned an important lesson. He is now one of the most considerate production managers in the business. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

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JOHN BULL PRESENTS

The splendour of the CORONATION

John Bull gives its readers an intimate preview of the pageantry, the significance, and the fascinating human story of a Coronation

Behind the scenes at the Abbey

by VERE ELIOT

ON THE MORNING OF May 12, 1937, I had my breakfast before I was dressed. My clothes that day were to be of a very special nature and there was to be no risk of spilling any porridge on them. For it was Coronation Day, and I, a boy of twelve, was to be a Page of Honour to His Majesty the King.

I had this great luck because my father, now the Earl of St. Germans, had served at Court for many years. As I happened to be the right age of twelve, the King accorded my father the honour of choosing me as a Page of Honour.

There are four such Pages each year, and for the Coronation five extra ones were also appointed to help, because the weight and length of the King's train was so great that the four of us could not manage it by ourselves.

Long before eight o'clock, the time when the Royal car was due to fetch me, I was ready dressed in my elaborate uniform. It consisted of a pair of pumps with red heels and gold buckles; two pairs of white stockings, the top pair being of silk; a pair of white breeches; a white satin waistcoat, covered with gold braid and done up by hook and eye.

Over this there was a red three-quarter length coat which was always worn open; it had blue velvet cuffs and a lot more gold braid down the front. Round my neck I wore a lace jabot. To complete the actual uniform there was a very fine miniature sword, heavily engraved and with an ivory handle shaped like a knight in chess.

There was also a three-cornered black hat with red ostrich feathers in it; but this was never worn on any occasion, perhaps because the feathers were an entirely different red to the coat and clashed terribly. It all cost £70 1s. 4d.

As the hands of the clock drew closer to eight, I was terribly excited. Then eight o'clock was sounding—but there was no car. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour passed and there was still no car. By this time I was in such a state of excitement that I was almost ill. Not until twenty past eight did the car arrive: it had been held up in the traffic.

At last, at 8.30, I arrived at the Annexe to Westminster Abbey. This was a large building which had been put up at the west end of the Abbey. It had a large hall where all the processions had sufficient room to form up. Off this main hall were two small Robing-rooms for the King and Queen, and places where they could wash. The floor was covered with a royal blue carpet, and the walls were white.

I had an extra fortnight's holiday from school because we had had a large number of rehearsals. These produced their own crop of problems.

The King's Company of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards lined the walls of the Annexe—a highly prized honour, as they were exercising their ancient right to provide the immediate guard for the King.

The Ensign whose duty it was to carry the Colour was posted under the arch in the screen across the Abbey. At the first rehearsal, when the moment came for him to lower the colour, he used the correct military drill, bringing it down in front of him. The result was that the Colour was across the arch, completely blocking it. This caused considerable consternation, and it was some time before the military authorities could be persuaded to agree that, on this occasion only, the Colour might be lowered to the side of the officer.

In an ordinary year the duties of a Page are almost nominal, but Coronation year was a very busy one, and we had to carry out many extra duties.

The first time I ever saw the King and Queen at close quarters was the occasion when I went to my first Court. The other Page and I waited in an anteroom until we were told that the Queen was dressed and ready. We stood facing the door and, when it was opened, we made our bow.

To our alarm, Her Majesty's Corgi dogs chose this moment to come tearing across, snarling at our ankles; disaster seemed imminent, but we

Continued on last page of supplement

King George leaves the Abbey after his Coronation. Eliot is the fourth Page on the King's right

BAYSWATER ROAD
MARBLE ARCH
OXFORD STREET
CAVENDISH SQUARE
PARK LANE
GROSVENOR SQUARE
HYDE PARK
EAST CARRIAGE DRIVE
BERKELEY SQUARE
NEW BOND STREET
OLD BOND STREET
PICCADILLY
HYDE PARK CORNER
GREEN PARK
CONSTITUTION HILL
PALACE GARDENS
BUCKINGHAM PALACE
THE MALL
GROSVENOR PLACE
ROYAL MEW
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD
WELLINGTON BARRACKS
BIRDCAGE
VICTORIA STREET
WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL
VICTORIA STATION

THE QUEEN'S ROUTE

Specially drawn for John Bull
by Ronald Lampitt

OXFORD STREET
RCUS
RE
REGENT STREET
GOLDEN SQUARE
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
ENHAM COURT ROAD
COVENTRY STREET
CHARING CROSS ROAD
ST. MARTIN'S LANE
LEICESTER SQUARE
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
HAYMARKET
REGENT STREET
ST JAMESS SQUARE
NATIONAL GALLERY
STRAND
CHARING CROSS STATION
COCKSPUR STREET
PALL MALL
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
JAMES'S PALACE
MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE
ADMIRALTY ARCH
NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE
WAR OFFICE
ADMIRALTY
HORSE GUARDS
WHITEHALL
ST JAMES'S PARK
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT
ALK
BRIDGE
STREET
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE
PARLIAMENT SQUARE
WESTMINSTER ABBEY
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

RONALD LAMPITT

BLESS *we beseech thee this Crown, and so sanctify thy servant Elizabeth upon whose head this day thou dost place it for a sign of royal majesty, that she may be filled by thine abundant grace with all princely virtues*

The Archbishop of Canterbury's prayer before he places St. Edward's Crown on the Queen's head

Specially painted for "John Bull" by K. J. Pitts

The man who will crown the Queen

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Queen Elizabeth with Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, the ninety-ninth Archbishop of Canterbury.

IN A TRAFFIC BLOCK in Sydney in 1950, a driver drew up his lorry beside a limousine and shouted to the man sitting in the back: "You're the Archbishop of Canterbury, aren't you?" "That's right," came the answer, "and what do you do?" "I deliver the goods," said the driver. "That's just what I'm trying to do," said the Archbishop as the traffic moved on.

The answer had more than wit. It expressed the practical, workaday attitude which Geoffrey Fisher, ninety-ninth Archbishop of Canterbury, brings to his office as head of the Anglican communion throughout the world. When the Archbishop talks of the "working of the Holy Spirit," he says that tremendous phrase as naturally as others talk of electricity or the law of gravitation: that is, as something accepted, as something that "works." The manner of his saying it is impressive because it is not meant to be so; it convinces by its utter lack of unctuousness, which is the parade-ground voice of insincerity. And a parade-ground voice, or "putting on an act" of any sort, would be condemned by the Archbishop—apart from the baser elements implied—as a waste of time.

Time is all-important to this active, unassuming man with the profile of a Roman emperor and the neat short-coupled physique of a mountaineer. His day is as long as that of the highly able business executive he would have made, and as varied as that of the parish priest he never was. At sixty-six, the Archbishop gets through it with a courteous gusto, and often leaves himself an hour in which to relax with a detective story, or wind up a Guildhall banquet as the best after-dinner speaker in the country.

This physical and mental endurance is necessary to any man who occupies the seat of Saint Augustine in the world of the twentieth century; the world of jet propulsion and television, of propaganda and the atom bomb. Dr. Fisher is well aware of the advantages of the technical age he lives in, and is eager to employ them for his own needs. Although he is against television used for education—he holds that true education is contact between mind and mind—he has been quick to see its possibilities in other fields.

Already the Archbishop has been seen in the television film which was screened here and in America, in which he explained the significance of the dedication ceremony at the Coronation. His talk on the meaning of that great event reached an audience of millions. He can be called the first modern Primate. It will be very much a man of his time who will crown the Queen on June 2.

If the Archbishop is a man of his time, his stuff is traditional. That stuff is English and robust, it implies a mind made up and a readiness to speak it. The tone is firm and dry. "The penalty for murder should be death," he told those who asked his views on capital punishment. And he was hardly less succinct when he censured the morality of the business world after the findings of the Lynskey tribunal.

But the crispness of utterance often has gentler undertones. Once, at a press conference, the Primate answered a journalist's question—"Do you see any signs of a return to religion?"—by asking another: "Have *you* returned?" The reply was unexpected; even more so was the deeply personal and compassionate note in the Archbishop's voice.

It is this spontaneous and warming interest in personality which inspires the affectionate admiration of the clergy, and which makes Dr. Fisher one of the most popular and best-loved churchmen of his day—to those who know him. Since his enthronement he has travelled to America and Australia and is known to a vast and varied public; less than twenty years ago his name would have been hardly recognized by anyone outside his immediate circle.

"It's a leap in the dark," said a prominent politician when the Archbishop was elected; and a national newspaper cautiously warned its readers that the new man's opinions on many great questions were still hidden. Dr. Fisher, it concluded, had still to prove himself.

DR. FISHER has since made public his opinion on many great questions, and it has not always been palatable to his hearers. He is a humble man and leaves it to others to decide whether he is proving himself. But he has a just appreciation of his powers and feels himself to be as well qualified for his high office as any churchman.

The Most Reverend and Right Honourable Geoffrey Francis Fisher, M.A., D.D., ninety-ninth Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England, was born at Nuneaton in 1887, the son of a parish priest. The boys of the Fisher family had entered the Ministry of the Church for generations, and there was no doubt about this one's career when he went to Marlborough and later joined Exeter College, Oxford. The First he gained in Greats and Moderations were and are among the best degrees taken at Oxford for decades. He went on to take another First, this time in Theology, in a single year. The Archbishop puts down these fabulous feats to nothing more than a good memory. "I was simply one of those people who pass examinations," he says; a statement belied by his fine scholarship and profound knowledge of ecclesiastical history and law.

The university was followed by three years as assistant master at his old school, Marlborough, which he left to become headmaster of Repton at the early age of twenty-seven. The man he succeeded there was the late William Temple, whose place he was to take thirty years later on the throne of Canterbury.

Dr. Fisher stayed at Repton for eighteen years, an experience that quickened his great understanding of youth and its problems—and foibles. Years later, when the Primate was being conducted round the dormitory of a school in Australia, he noticed an open Bible prominently displayed on top of a pile of books. He lifted the Bible and found a detective novel. Under the novel he found a hand of cards. The boys looked at each other in consternation.

"But I seem to have interrupted your game," the Archbishop said with a smile, and made fifty young friends on the spot.

The thousands of boys who passed through his hands remember him as a charming headmaster, human and accessible—until a boy offended against what some thought to be stuffy and outdated principles of nineteenth-century puritanism. "Then he was as hard as a rock," one of his pupils recalls. "There was no getting round him at all."

There was to be no getting round him later when, to an older and more responsible charge, he spoke sternly against divorce, the cheapening and debasement of sex, and the moral laxity of modern society. The personal religion of the Archbishop has remained the difficult, unsophisticated code of the Marlborough schoolboy and the Repton headmaster.

In 1932 the Repton headmaster became Bishop of Chester, having never held a benefice in his life. His appointment was received with a certain caution by clergy and laity alike.

"He has no parochial experience," wrote one parson, "and I cannot see any reason why he should have been appointed. We prayed about this matter beforehand, and this is what we have

Rarely has the spiritual head of the Church been so closely associated with its defender

got. We must make the best of it." Dr. Fisher made the best of it by rapidly winning a reputation for efficiency and wisdom—and some highly original practices.

Once, when the local Royal Infirmary was in need of funds, the citizens of Chester were surprised to see their bishop, gaiters and all, grinding out "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" from a barrel organ in the market place.

Seven years in Chester led to the bishopric of London—and the war—in 1939. In London, Dr. Fisher lived in Fulham Palace, which was soon to be heavily blitzed. He occupied a small flat, where he helped Mrs. Fisher with the washing up and, at a bad moment in 1940, opened the palace to shelter three hundred people from the district. Three years later he negotiated to have his salary halved, and planned to establish a diocesan hostel in the palace itself.

SUCH STEPS were forward looking and realistic, but it was still a churchman without great public appeal who was recommended by Winston Churchill to King George VI as successor to William Temple in the winter of 1944.

"This appointment does not meet with Heaven's approval," curtly declared a man who rose to protest at the ceremony which confirmed the Archbishop's translation to the Canterbury See. It met with the entire approval of the men who knew Dr. Fisher best. It is legitimate to think that it would have met with the approval of the great man he replaced.

Archbishop Temple was a towering figure who had captured, as few eminent churchmen have, the imagination of the British people. He was a philosopher, orator and writer; he was a prominent member of the Labour Party; he moved massively in public life. He left a place that was very difficult to fill. No one was more aware of that than Dr. Fisher, who had been his lifelong friend. "I am not filling his place now," he told the press after his election. "There is no man in England who can do that." But in the eight years since 1945, he has occupied his own place as head of the Anglican communion with increasing stature and prestige. He is, by inclination and upbringing, a man of the middle road, non-political and unvehement.

There is nothing cautious or colourless in his Christianity; its very lack of histrionics makes it impressive and difficult. The means by which the Archbishop would fill what Julian Huxley called the "God-shaped blank in man's consciousness" is nothing more high-sounding than a return to a sense of personal responsibility. He has no time for academic piety and mere lip service to the disciples of the Faith.

Once, during his tour of the Antipodes, he put the matter shrewdly. The Prime Minister of Australia, at a luncheon, spoke eloquently of the principles of Christianity; he admitted, however, that he was not a great churchgoer himself. The presence of the English Test Team gave the Archbishop the cue for his reply.

"Cricket," he said, "is a very fine thing. I believe strongly in all that cricket stands for. But I haven't played it since I was sixteen; since then I have never attended a match—and now I don't even read the scores!"

A FAMILY MAN himself—he has six sons—the Archbishop emphasizes the vital place the family holds as the master cell in the social organism. And it is because it stresses the themes of personal dedication and family unity that Dr. Fisher considers the Coronation of Her Majesty to be of tremendous spiritual importance.

The relationship between the See of Canterbury and the Royal Family has always been a matter of great moment; it has hardly ever been closer than it is today. Circumstances have brought Queen Elizabeth and Archbishop Fisher together on many momentous ocasions. The death of King George VI; Her Majesty's marriage; the birth and christening of the heir to the Throne; the death of Queen Mary—not often has the spiritual head of the faith been so personally associated with the Sovereign, its defender.

Preaching in St. Paul's last year, the Primate referred to the "shining goodness" of the Queen; he feels deeply that her dedication on June 2 to the service of her people can and will be an inspiration to the country.

Characteristically, Dr. Fisher pins the idea to the personal plane. "Here is a young woman," he says, "committing herself to a lifelong task: that of serving the nation. It would be unreasonable for us to ask her to serve us unless we are prepared to give her all the help in our power, the best that is in us and the nation."

Dr. Fisher has taken the preparations for the Coronation in his stride, and has shown a complete and enthusiastic mastery of its thousand-year-old ceremonial, some of whose ancient and vivid details he has rescued from disuse. He is to reintroduce the Armills, or bracelets, which are presented to the Queen. "It is absurd to tidy up old things," the Archbishop says. "And I am in favour of anomalies."

The Coronation and his part in it, solemn as they are, will be no more than dramatic interludes in a gruelling round of duties that keeps the Archbishop occupied for the best part of sixteen hours in twenty-four. Those duties might include anything from attending a State conference in his rôle of Privy Councillor, to christening a Royal child, presiding over a meeting of the World Council of Churches, writing a sermon or receiving a visiting colonial bishop.

Except for short periods spent at Christmas and Easter in the Old Palace at Canterbury, the Primate works and lives in a four-bedroom suite in his thirteen-century London residence, Lambeth Palace. There, after breakfast at eight thirty, the Archbishop is committed to an office discipline as complicated and arduous as that of any government ministry. The morning is spent in seeing visitors and, with the help of his two personal chaplains, tackling a voluminous mail. Sermons and speeches are prepared in the afternoon; a visit to the House of Lords or an official dinner might follow. Dr. Fisher is seldom in bed before midnight.

He has little time, now, either for his favourite exercise of walking, or of leading the football team—composed of his six sons and a few friends—which he led at Chester and called "Lambeth United." His capacity for hard work is only equalled by his strength of will. His pipe, which was almost as famous as Churchill's cigar, and without which he once said he couldn't work, has lately been laid aside.

He is dignified but an excellent mixer, and has a horror of petty pomp and artificial punctilio. At Lambeth Palace he is as apt to summon his chaplain by a melodious hoot as by ringing a bell, and he has been known to step out of a procession to greet an old friend. He finds formality irksome, and his chaplain must often put him right about points of ceremonial.

Dr. Fisher has done much to simplify church administration, and has taken a leading part in inaugurating a revision of Canon Law which will help to streamline the Church for its place in the modern world. He has also been deeply involved in efforts—largely successful—to aid fixed-income clergy in inflationary times. His own salary, which must defray the considerable expenses of his establishments, is £7,500.

THOUGH THE PRIMATE has direct authority only over his own diocese of Canterbury and cannot himself commit the Church to any major decision, he can and does speak out on questions of conduct. A very tolerant man, he does not do so willingly.

When he rebuked the Bishop of Birmingham for his attempt, in one of his books, to surrender the dogmas of the Church to the supposed agnosticism of science, his affection for the author was mixed with indignation that he could be so disloyal to his order.

With the "Red" Dean of Canterbury, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the Primate is most urbane. The Dean, he has said, is "the price we must pay for freedom of speech." When in New York last year, the Primate was asked by an American reporter why he did not get rid of the Dean by "kicking him upstairs," Dr. Fisher reminded him that the only office higher than a dean's was that of a bishop. "And if you are suggesting that he be made a bishop," he added, "I am not with you."

In spite of these forthright convictions, there can seldom have been less bigotry at Lambeth Palace. There is nothing academic in the Primate's tolerance and his desire for Church unity.

Although he thinks that the Church of England is both historically and practically the best vehicle of Christian faith for this country, and that the Anglican tradition represents that faith at its best, he is far from despising the contribution made by other traditions. At a reception in Australia, a man boldly admitted that he had no religion at all. "Don't worry," said the Primate smilingly, "I expect we can fix you up with something." THE END

Behind the scenes at the Abbey

Continued from first page of supplement

managed to get safely past them. Sometimes, on these occasions, before the King and Queen set off for a Court, the two Princesses would come in, all ready to go to bed, to say good night.

At the Garter Service at Windsor I received an Imperial "rocket." Some of the passages of the castle were very narrow, and although it was possible for the King and Queen to walk side by side, the four pages, who jostled along behind, trying not to trip up each other or their Majesties, found it very difficult. The scabbard of my sword frequently dragged along the white panelling of the wall. At last the King swung round and denounced my clumsiness, although smilingly. "If you insist on going on like that, the whole castle will have to be redecorated," he said.

GRADUALLY, as the Coronation rehearsals drew to their close, the last problems were ironed out. For example, it was the duty of the Bishop of Norwich to present a Bible to the King during the service. On examination it was found to be of such immense size that two strong young men would have been needed to move it; certainly it was far beyond the strength of an old man.

This caused great fluttering of ecclesiastical hearts, until permission was given for a more modern and therefore smaller edition to be used. The bishops always seemed to be in difficulties.

But at last all was ready, the problems solved, the preparations complete, the participants trained—and I was there, in the Annexe.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells was one of the bishops whose duty it was to support the King, and he was most worried in case we Pages would exhaust ourselves before the day started; he fussed round, vainly trying to make us sit down and rest.

TO my horror, I suddenly found that my inner pair of stockings had slipped out of their suspenders and were coming down in rolls. This was calamitous, because once I was dressed in my uniform it was almost impossible to rearrange it without assistance.

In great agitation I found the King's valet, and we went into one of the Royal rooms in the Annexe to try to recover the situation. But it meant that I had to take off the waistcoat and then my breeches, because they fitted so closely round my knees that I could not put my hand in from below.

I was so afraid that I would not be ready in time that I refused to undress properly and get the offending stockings finally fixed; so in the end I spent this important day with my stockings badly wrinkled.

About nine o'clock the members of the Royal Family started to arrive. The two Princesses (now Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret) looked very sweet, and quite unconcerned with the great interest surrounding them.

Queen Mary arrived and made a stately entrance to the Abbey. For one terrible moment I thought that there was going to be an accident, because her Page stepped on her under-train, which trailed along the ground. If this happens it is quite likely for the person to be pulled over backwards. However, Queen Mary was able to keep her balance, although there was an awful tearing noise as the material gave way. She swung quickly round and spoke to the Page, and then resumed her way across the Annexe.

It is more difficult than it appears at first sight to carry a train. If you walk too close to the wearer, you tread on the under-train; if you walk too far away, the weight of the train drags on the shoulders of whoever is wearing it. If the wearer stops to speak to somebody, you must keep the train from getting twisted as they turn.

At last, at about 10.15 a.m., our moment came: six of the Pages, including the young Lords Jellicoe, Kitchener and Haig and myself, came out of the Annexe and stood on the steps facing across the street.

The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, stood in the centre at the bottom of the steps. He had had the most onerous task of being responsible for all the preparations, and he looked very, very tired indeed.

SLOWLY we heard the volume of cheering grow and then, at last, round the corner of Parliament Square the State Coach came into view.

The Coach drew up at the foot of the steps and the Duke of Norfolk stepped forward to receive their Majesties. The Queen stepped out of the Coach first and went straight into the Abbey, followed by the King.

He walked up the steps into the Annexe and then into his Robing-room. We waited outside, until we were told he was ready, and then we also went in.

By this time I was really getting very nervous as to whether my stockings would hold up through the service, but it was too late to do anything now.

Already the strain was telling on the King, and he was slightly on edge. When the Duke of Norfolk came in to say that all was ready, the King asked most carefully if he would be kept waiting and was reassured that everything was just right. So we set off out into the Annexe.

But, unfortunately, there was some slight hitch and the King *was* kept waiting. He did not wish to stand, so chairs were brought and we all sat, with the King at the head and four Pages on each side behind him, holding the train like a tail, supported at the end by the ninth Page. We waited for a few moments and then the procession moved off.

The King entered the Abbey proper and made his way up the aisle. The people, standing on each side of the nave, bowed and curtsied as he passed, so that the effect was as of ripe corn rippling in a breeze.

WE arrived at the "Theatre" in front of the High Altar, and the King went first to the Chair of State in front of the Royal Box, while Queen Elizabeth took her place by his side. From here the Recognition took place, when the Archbishop went to each side of the Abbey and presented the King to the people, who shouted back "God save King George."

The religious climax of the Service is the Anointing. This took place when the King was sitting in King Edward's chair, and a cloth of gold was held over his head by four Knights of the Garter. The Archbishop then bared the King's chest and anointed his head, hands and chest with holy oil.

Then there came the principal secular moment of the service, when the Archbishop actually crowned the King. It was one of the rare moments when the rays of the sun were striking down through the windows of the Abbey. So that, at the moment the King was crowned, as all the peers put on their coronets, there was a great flash of brilliant light running round the Abbey like a thread of fire, and with a great shout the congregation cried "God save the King."

In the excitement of this moment, one of the Pages drew his sword. He said afterwards that he was pressing down on the hilt when it fell out of the scabbard. It made a great clatter and created some consternation.

However, the Page standing next to him struggled with it and in a few moments it was back in place. We got some black looks from the people around us, but as the King was in front of us, I do not think he could have been aware of this accident.

The King and Queen returned to the Annexe at about 1.30 p.m. and went into their respective Robing-rooms. Here they rested and had some cold food on a tray. I think it consisted of cold chicken and salad, together with some Windsor pies—these are small mutton pies, prepared from a recipe used by Queen Victoria—and finally some fruit.

At about 2.15 p.m. they set off to drive in the State Coach back to the Palace. Two of the Pages drove in the procession, but I was not one of them.

I did drive once to an Opening of Parliament in a State landau. They are most uncomfortable carriages because they are so oversprung; you have the feeling all the time of being in a ship on a swelling sea. This can be very unpleasant indeed, particularly if the procession is moving fast. In fact, recently a famous foreign visitor was actually ill in one. I imagine, however, that the State Coach is too heavy and goes too slowly for there to be trouble of this sort.

ACCOMPANIED by the Maids of Honour to the Queen, we then got into an ordinary bus, the driver of which looked faintly surprised at our appearance, and we were driven direct back to the Palace.

In this way we were able to achieve the apparent impossibility of being in two places at once, as we sent the King off from the Abbey and received him on his arrival at Buckingham Palace. While we waited, we had a very good lunch of chicken and cold eggs in aspic.

It was essential for us to be at the Palace for the King's return, because the train was about ten yards long and so heavy that he could not move at all unless we were there to help him.

The procession arrived back about four o'clock, and by now the King was very tired from the emotional strain that he had undergone, as well as from the physical effort required. The State Coach came into the Quadrangle and, with us hurrying behind, the King went straight into the room used by one of the Secretaries on the ground floor.

As soon as he got inside, he went to a sofa and lay down. He put his feet up on the end of it and asked for a cup of tea. We put down the train, were hustled out of the door and told to wait outside until we were wanted again.

About twenty minutes later we were told that the King and Queen were ready to appear on the balcony in front of Buckingham Palace. We went up to the room just behind the balcony which is decorated in Chinese style: from it, three windows look out down the Mall.

As the King and Queen entered the room, the centre windows were thrown open. They are very narrow, and the Queen and her Maids of Honour went out first, and then the King. Only one or two of the Pages were able to get on to the balcony, and I was in the window itself.

By standing on tiptoe I could see over the King's head down on to the Mall and Queen Victoria's Memorial. As far as the eye could see, the ground was

Vere Eliot in the elaborate uniform he wore at King George's Coronation

black with cheering crowds. Only the green of the trees and the red, white and blue of the stands stood out to relieve the dark mass of people. Even down as far as the Admiralty Arch, the crowds were so thick that the roadway was not visible.

As the King went out, the noise of the cheering rose to an incredible pitch and it hit us, standing on the balcony, almost like a real wave.

Just then the Major-domo came behind me and bellowed to us to make way for Queen Mary. Such was the noise that only I, standing a few inches away from him, heard him; he had to force his way forward, tapping the other Pages on the shoulder to attract their attention.

After this was over we went down to one of the Staterooms for the official photographs. First there was the group of the Royal Family together, and then the King and his Pages. It was very hot under the lights and, by this time, even my enthusiasm had started to wane.

We were kept standing for a time and moved about to get the best effect. I looked up to see how the King was, and I think he found this the most trying and irritating part of the day. He was fidgeting about as much as the rest of us.

IT was a wonderful moment when, just before Christmas that year, I received a large registered parcel which contained one of the pictures, signed by His Majesty, a personal letter, and a fine pair of cuff-links with the Royal Monogram on them.

After the photography, we took the King back to his room and were told that we ourselves could go. The car dropped me at home about 5.30 p.m., where my nanny and the cook were waiting to ply me with questions. How had it all gone and what did I think of it? Well, I thought it was the most gorgeous day I had enjoyed in my life.

After supper I went out with my parents for a short time to look at the illuminations, until finally I went home and upstairs to bed. My great day was over. I was an ordinary little boy again.

THE END

"Down, everybody!" Karazelos shouted. Sesnik shrank back, Burton and Anna ducked just in time, as bullets shattered the glass of the windows

The Maras Affair

by ***ELIOT REED***

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

Burton had expected danger—but nothing quite as fantastic as this

PANIC AND CHAOS reigned in the Iron Curtain capital where Charles Burton worked as foreign correspondent for the London *Star-Dispatch*. A fanatic, Trovic, had assassinated the aged puppet president, and tried to seize power. He had failed and been killed.

Burton was frantic with worry. Not for himself, but for Anna Maras, his secretary. Because she had known Trovic and others who had been working to overthrow the régime, she had been taken to police headquarters for questioning; and Burton knew what that meant in this pitiless country.

Knowing she was under suspicion, he had begged her again and again to let him help her. She must get out of the country. He knew of an audacious plan for a mass escape across the frontier, organized by a photographer called Settembrini. The annual pilgrimage to the village of Ranawitz, wiped out by the Nazis during the war, would provide excellent camouflage.

Burton had been told no details of the plan. He knew only that Anna must take the nine o'clock tourist train from the capital on the day of the ceremony. He had made all necessary arrangements: all he needed now was Anna's consent.

But Anna had refused. She could not bear to leave her father, Dr. Anton Maras, who was ill and almost helpless.

"Anna!" He held her as she wept for her father, trying to comfort her

Burton stormed into the Police Judiciary and demanded to see Sesnik, the bland Commissioner of Secret Police. He was told that Anna was no longer there. In desperation, Burton went to her father's house at Tolnitz, some miles out of the capital.

He found it silent, unlocked, and apparently empty.

For a moment he suspected a trap. Then he went in. There was a light in an upstairs room. It came from four candles, one at each corner of the bed. A figure lay rigid under the white coverlet. It was Anton Maras. He was dead.

A sound from below made Burton's heart jolt wildly. Someone was coming up the stairs. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

The Plan

IT was Anna. She did not see him in the gloom of the landing and he called to her, almost shouting her name in his relief. She halted at the top of the stairs and peered.

"I've been trying to reach you by telephone," she said in a curiously matter-of-fact tone. "I had to walk to the post office. It is more than

a mile. I am sorry there was no one in the house to——"

"Anna!" he said.

"Did you come by car?" she said. "I walked across the field and along the lane by the river bank. It is shorter that way. Wenzl told me you had gone out."

"Anna!"

Her hands reached towards him and he held her tightly. She began to cry, and he knew suddenly that these were her first tears for her father. He tried to think of words that might give her comfort, but there were no words. He waited in silence, holding her in his arms. After a while she raised her head and told him what had happened.

Anton Maras had been crushed by the news of the assassination. All the differences he had had with Riecke had become unimportant; the affection had endured. The news came as a special shock because he had harboured Trovic, the assassin.

"He came here, to Tolnitz," Anna told Burton. "He had been hidden here before, and again he asked my father to help him. It was from this house that he went out last night." She said, in a sudden, bright, polite little voice: "The Police Judiciary treated me like a star suspect. I had worked with Trovic in the resistance movement; therefore I must still be working with him. . . . They were so polite, so polite. They have not finished with me yet."

She paused as if she had need to gather her strength. "I found my father upstairs. He was lying across his bed. He was dead. I closed his eyes."

"Was it—was it a heart attack?"

"An overdose of his drug. He was dead when I arrived. He told me he would do it, so that I would have no reason to remain, and try and escape. I killed him—I and Trovic."

"You must not blame yourself, my dear."

"I am not blaming myself. I am stating a fact. He wished to set me free."

"And you will be," Burton said heavily. He reached towards her.

ON Thursday afternoon, Burton had the news that there would be no train on Saturday morning. The Supreme Council had decided to cancel the proceedings at Ranawitz.

Wenzl translated the message as soon as it came in, and again Burton went to Settembrini, the official photographer who was organizing the escape, this time in desperation, for fears had multiplied in the night.

Settembrini led his caller gloomily to his inner parlour. Burton checked on the threshold when he saw that there was a third party present.

"The bad news about Ranawitz has reached me," Settembrini said. "Already two clients are demanding their money back. You need have no fears about our guest," he added, seeing Burton looking at the other man. "This is Zeno Karazelos. Zeno was to have been in charge of the party. He is experienced. In Athens he worked as a guide for a distinguished travel agency. Here he is the valued servant of the State Tourist Office. There is, unfortunately, some money missing from Zeno's department. By a curious coincidence, he left Athens in similar circumstances."

"Let us forget about Athens," said Zeno with dignity. "At present, I have to get out of this unspeakable country."

"How could we get a party of more than thirty on to an ordinary train without causing suspicion?" Settembrini demanded.

"That is no problem to a professional. A bribe here, a bribe there. . . ."

"Perhaps you can bribe Sesnik to lift the ban on the Ranawitz fiesta?" Settembrini said disagreeably.

"Sesnik?" Burton came in with a considerable note of alarm in his question. "What has he got to do with it? The order came from the Supreme Council."

"On the advice of the police," Settembrini asserted. "The department concerned is Sesnik's. They are still hunting the friends of Trovic. Sesnik himself is in a weak position. If he does not make arrests, he may be broken. The bosses will be looking for scapegoats. The Minister of Security had made Sesnik responsible for Trovic. The Minister is the close personal friend of Halvic, Riecke's chief aide, and tomorrow the Supreme Council will make Halvic the new President."

"But I thought that Varlein's election was assured?" Burton said.

Settembrini shook his head. "That was yesterday. Today the betting is on Halvic. . . ."

The whole city seemed to be waiting for something. A quiet that suggested the sabbath had settled on the streets that Burton traversed on his way back to the office.

He looked behind him, and a little farther on looked round a second time. There was no question of shadowing. He was being followed quite openly, at a distance of less than twenty yards.

HE arrived at the office to find Wenzl working on an agency report. The ramifications of the Trovic plot had been widespread and many suspects had been arrested. The police had succeeded in tracing the movements of Trovic immediately prior to the assassination; important developments were expected.

Burton worked until six o'clock and then walked to his hotel, trailed by the man he had observed during the afternoon. He had a light meal and then, surprisingly tired, rested on his bed. Anna had said she would ring him at the office at nine o'clock. He must not fall asleep.

The next thing he knew, it was half past eight, and he had been asleep. He had a cold wash, and walked to the office.

Wenzl was at his desk reading a book by Joseph Conrad. "Nothing has come in since eight, sir," he said. "Everything is on your desk."

At five minutes to nine, Burton sent Wenzl to the censor with a press message. "You needn't come back," he said. "If anything else turns up, I'll deal with it."

At 9.30, he was still waiting in deepening anxiety.

He was trembling, and that was something that hadn't happened to him for a long time. He paced the floor of the outer office in agitation. Footsteps sounded in the corridor and the door was opened. A young man with his trouser ends clipped for cycling came into the room. He seemed to know Burton. He held out a sealed envelope.

"This is for you," he said breathlessly. "Forgive me, but I must not stay." Then he was gone.

Burton saw the handwriting on the envelope and tore it open. He pulled out the letter and read it.

"It is impossible to telephone. Today I have had visitors and two of them are still here. They have searched the whole house and all papers have been taken away. It is plain that the place is to be kept under guard, but I do not expect they will interfere with my arrangements, as they will find nothing of interest in the papers. Sesnik has himself given sanction for the funeral, and I should be able to reach you early tomorrow evening as planned. If I should fail, you will know that you have my love. Anna."

He had the assurance that she was still safe. He held to it through a restless night, but in the morning it seemed quite empty.

The city was tense and unresponsive. The interminable queue shuffled and inched towards the bier of President Riecke and heads turned to watch the arrival of members of the Supreme Council at the House of Assembly on the other side of the great Square of the Parliament.

BURTON and other foreign correspondents formed a small group on one side. Settembrini was on the steps below the colonnade, busy with his camera.

When the last member of the Council had entered and the proceedings were due to start, he approached Burton.

"I have done my best," he said. "It is now in the lap of the gods."

Burton stared at him with fresh admiration.

"I told them all that the Ranawitz cancellation was a mistake," Settembrini added. "Some of them agreed with me. You will take this for what it is worth. If the decision goes to Halvic, we are beaten. If Varlein wins, we still have a chance. It may be a faint one, but, in the event, you will know what to do. I may not see you again. I shall be very busy. Karazelos will be in charge. He is a fool and a scoundrel, but he will be reliable in this job . . . if it comes off."

The newspapermen waited in the press room, two corridors away from the council chamber. It was to be a short meeting; everybody predicted that.

Noon was the designated hour for the announcement, but at noon no announcement came. The deliberations

LIFE WITH FATHER

MY earliest memories of life with Father go back to the days in Russia when he and Mother did a circus act together. I was four, and I remember being put to bed every night before the show—in a travelling-trunk with the lid propped up by a stick.

One night, my parents returned to their dressing-room to find the lid down and the automatic lock shut. A panic search for the key followed, but this could not be found. The news swept through the circus colony. People hurried to my aid.

The carpenter wanted to saw off the lid, and the fireman was barely restrained from chopping it open. There were a hundred suggestions, and in the end my mother burst into tears. She put her hand in her overall pocket for a handkerchief—and there was the key.

Father used to tell the story with a certain pride. He'd say: "When the trunk was opened, the boy was sleeping soundly. That boy's a trouper—he can sleep anywhere."

I was born in a circus, and from that day Father's ambition was that I should become his white-faced clown. He started teaching me acrobatics almost as soon as I could walk; I was on stilts before I was eight.

That year, we came to England. There were six of us children, and Father reigned over the family like a benign dictator. There was never any talking at meals, and we sat only in our own places, which were in strict order of precedence. Nobody started eating until Father started, and nobody rose from the table until he rose.

Life was a little cramped in the caravan, but it was a good life, full of movement, variety and occasional thrills. One day, three tigers got loose during a performance, and ripped up three horses and a woman before they were caught. While the hunt was on, we crouched in the caravan, with Mother standing on guard with a tin of pepper to throw in the face of the first tiger to enter.

All this time, Father never left the ring; he had to keep the audience from getting panicky. Later, when he tried to get into his own home, he narrowly missed an eyeful of pepper.

One winter, Father dictated his life story to a writer who came every day. We children used to gather round, listening, hanging on every word.

The part that made me cry was when, as a very hungry little boy in Russia, he earned his first kopeks by singing in an officers' mess. His mother beat him when he got home because she thought he had stolen the money.

We stuck together as a family. After Father joined the army in 1939—he rose to corporal in the Pioneer Corps—the rest of us followed to Ilfracombe and helped to put on shows at the camp.

He and I split up when it was decided that my brother Sasha, my sister Tamara and I should go into an act Father had taught us. We toured Britain until Tamara married—outside the profession. That made the old man mad, for a while. "Never

teach a girl anything," he warned me bitterly. "It's a waste of time."

Sasha and I are together now. Father has given us his water act. He has also set me up with some of the props that have made him famous—a pair of his size thirty boots that are older than me, costumes, hair-raising wigs of his own invention; even his superstition of never allowing a make-up box to become empty; and this one piece of advice: "Children are your audience. Make them laugh, and the grown-ups will laugh, too."

Finally, he gave me his professional name. But only on one condition. "I'm watching to see how you fare," he warned. "If you're a flop, I will put in my last will and testament that you can never call yourself by my name."

Who are the famous father and son? For their names—and the complete photograph—turn to page 46

went on, and there were rumours of dissension.

At two the meeting adjourned until four. The disputants came out grimly from the chamber, the weight of the world upon their shoulders.

Back in the office, Wenzl was making progress with Joseph Conrad. He handed Burton a manilla envelope with something bulky inside.

"This came for you a few minutes ago," he said.

The envelope bore the imprint of the State Tourist Bureau. It contained a scrawled note and a black rosette. The rosette had a red centre in the form of a scalloped rectangle with the name Ranawitz printed on it in black. The note said:

"This is to be worn by your nominee if the nine o'clock train is restored. Z.K."

Burton locked the rosette away in a drawer of his desk, glanced over the agency messages, then walked across to the Metropole to get something to eat.

WHEN he returned to the House of the Parliament, the Council was back at its deliberations. Burton stood by the window, looking out across the square at the patient line of people moving towards the hall where President Riecke rested.

He turned from the window as the door opened. One of the clerks of the Council, a thin, elderly man, stood on the threshold. He cleared his throat with a thin noise.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the Supreme Council has ended its session, having considered a successor to President Riecke. I have the honour to announce that the name to be given to the people is that of Konstantin Varlein. There will be no more, gentlemen."

For Burton there was more. There was an echo of Settembrini: *"If Varlein wins, we still have a chance."*

After collecting a wad of banknotes from his desk, he made a call on Settembrini. The business completed, he hurried back to the office, hoping that Anna would have arrived. Wenzl was listening dutifully to the radio. But he was alone.

Burton stood at the window looking down at the street as if he hoped to pick her out from among the pedestrians. He was confident now that all would be well, but anxiety returned as the hour advanced. Someone was still talking over the air, and the sound from the outer office suddenly increased in volume. He wheeled to see if the door had been opened.

She was there. She closed the door, shutting out the sound. She was weary after the ordeal of the day and the signs of grief were in her face. He moved to meet her, and held her tightly.

• • •

Zeno Karazelos, wearing the badge of the State Tourist Bureau, bustled about as if he were the sole owner of the Alexis Station. It seemed that he wanted to help all who were travelling to Ranawitz by the nine o'clock train, and not merely those people who were distinguished by the black rosette with the scalloped rectangle in red.

"The rear coaches, please," he cried to hesitant mourners. "Plenty of room in the rear coaches."

For the red rectangle he had different advice, delivered more confidentially. "You will take the coach next to the engine. Is that clear? No other coach will do. The one next to the engine."

He saluted Burton with a finger to his cap. "This is Miss Maras, yes? Very well, I will look after her good. You have no fear."

It occurred to Burton that the Greek was expecting a tip.

"I'll see you on the train," he said. "I'm going as far as Ranawitz."

This simple statement seemed to confound the guide. "Not in the same coach," he said. "I have to keep the special party together."

"There's surely room enough," Burton answered.

Karazelos frowned. "Permit me to know what is best."

"I am travelling with Miss Maras as far as Ranawitz."

"O.K. I will fix it." Karazelos still didn't like the situation, but stood aside from the door of the coach. "You will find places in the first compartment." He left them abruptly to head off a family group. "The other coaches, please," he barked at them. "Plenty of room in the other coaches. This one is reserved."

The manner of it was blatant enough to make Burton shiver. But Karazelos was confident that he would get away with it. He did, until the rest of the train was full. Then, when he was challenged by an aggressive ticket holder, he yielded. He had assembled his party in the one coach and there were many seats left over for others.

Five minutes to go, and Burton and Anna were still the only occupants of the first compartment. Karazelos joined them and stood in the doorway. The latecomers filed past him along the corridor.

"Fools!" Karazelos exclaimed, and went on cryptically, "On their own heads be it! On their own heads!"

"What is going to happen?" said Anna.

"No questions, please, madame."

NINE o'clock. The train still stood at the platform, but there were no more passengers to board it. The Greek looked at his watch. "What's the matter now?" he muttered in English. "Why don't they start?"

At last came the warning cry, the thin, comical toot of the guard's horn, the shrill staccato note of the whistle, and the train lurched, shuddered, and moved forward.

Burton felt Anna's hand grip his and he returned the pressure. Karazelos closed the compartment door and, sinking down on the seat, let out a gasp of relief.

The train rolled, picked its way through the maze of tracks and switches, gathered speed along the river bank, crossed the Garetsin bridge, and roared through the suburbs.

Karazelos straightened himself up and was all assurance again.

"You will understand, Mr. Burton, that you are now under my direction," he said. "You may stay with your friend till the check point is reached at Yakovin, two miles this side of Ranawitz. I must ask you not to leave your seat till——"

The words ceased abruptly as the sliding door of the compartment was jerked open noisily. Karazelos blocked the entrance.

"It is not permitted to enter. It is reserved. Official use only."

"Out of the way!" The retort came in a commanding snarl. "There are no reservations on this train!"

Burton became rigid. The grip of Anna's hand on his was convulsive. The voice from the corridor was the voice of Sesnik.

The podgy figure in funereal black filled the narrow doorway. The small eyes squinted from the moonlike face; the comical mouth had a set grin.

"My dear Anna! And Mr. Burton!" Sesnik spoke in English. "I had no

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

idea that you would be travelling on this train."

He waddled past the white-faced Karazelos, then spoke to him without turning his head. "Find another place for yourself! I wish to talk privately to my friends. March!"

Karazelos marched.

"Who is that interfering fool?" Sesnik demanded.

"I don't know." Over the first shock, Burton began to think quickly. "I never saw him before. No doubt he means well enough."

SESNIK went into the corridor, glanced down the length of it, came back, closed the door, and turned to Anna.

"I deeply regret that I was unable to be at Tolnitz yesterday," he said. "I hope that you received my message."

"Yes." Anna leaned back, closing her eyes.

"I had always the highest esteem for your dear father. I was shocked to learn of his sudden death. A sad week indeed. First our distinguished President, then our great scholar and historian. A strange coincidence that they should be linked in death as well as in life. I suppose Dr. Maras was deeply affected by the assassination?"

Anna remained silent, her eyes still closed.

Burton said: "Miss Maras is deeply affected by what she has been through. Don't you think you might let her alone for a few days?"

"My dear fellow!" Sesnik was pained. "I am merely trying to express my profound sympathy for her in her loss."

"Do you have to do it in the form of a police interrogation?"

Sesnik smiled. "You are so suspicious, Burton, I sometimes think you would have done well in my calling."

"I think I'd arrange to have suspects followed a little less obviously. Are you supposed to be tailing us now?"

Sesnik smiled. "My dear fellow! The truth of the matter is simple. I am on this train because extra police precautions are being taken at Ranawitz, and I wish to reach the place at the earliest possible moment to assure myself that orders have been carried out. As you know, Ranawitz is a mere two miles from the frontier, and . . . well, I regret to say that we have had information that there is to be an escape attempt."

Anna's shoulder pressed against Burton's arm. It might have been the swaying of the train.

"The scheme of these political criminals," Sesnik went on agreeably, "is to get to Ranawitz in the guise of peaceful pilgrims and then attempt the frontier at one or more points. We are afraid some of the Trovic gang might be among them." He smiled. "All we have to do is throw a cordon round the place and screen everybody. It will be as easy as netting fish, don't you think?"

"Quite as easy." Burton stared out of the window. The train was beginning the long climb into the hills.

Karazelos passed the door, followed by a train official. They were going in the direction of the second coach.

Anna rose from her seat. "I'm sorry," she said. "I must get a drink of water."

"I'll get it for you," Burton said.

She had given him the opening he needed in order to warn Karazelos, but, for a moment, he was afraid that she had made it too obvious. But Sesnik was quite unsuspicious.

Burton hurried to the end of the coach. Corridor and toilet were empty. Karazelos and the guard had passed into the next coach. Burton tried the door. It was locked. If the Greek had arranged that, then he had cut himself off.

The filter was dry. Burton went back to the compartment.

"I'm sorry," he said. "No water. I couldn't get through to the next coach."

Sesnik looked at his watch. "We shall soon be at Yakovin. You can get it there. We stop there for a minute or two. The militia board the train to check tickets and papers."

At Yakovin, Burton thought, he might be able to get through to the rest of the train and warn Karazelos, though the warning might be of little use. . . .

The engine panted loudly, hauling its load through a long cutting. Then there was a level stretch with hills crowding the track on either side, and, at last, Yakovin. The militia were waiting on the platform—eight or ten booted and belted lads with pistols in their holsters.

Burton was on the platform as soon as the train stopped. He saw Karazelos running forward from the third coach, followed by the guard. He saw a tap and filled a paper cup in case Sesnik was watching.

When he turned from the tap, the guard was doing something to the couplings between the first and second coaches.

Several militiamen had boarded the train. Two more were dashing towards the engine. Everybody seemed to be in a desperate hurry, as if there were not a second to spare. Burton caught the Greek by the sleeve. Karazelos got in the first word.

"I told you not to move," he hissed. "Do you want to spoil everything?"

"Everything is spoiled," Burton told him. "Sesnik knows the whole plan."

"Sesnik knows nothing. He is a fool. Get into the second coach at once. You must not go back to the girl."

Sesnik appeared. "What is the trouble?" he asked. "Is this imbecile interfering again?" He shouted something at the Greek.

Karazelos fell back, muttering. Burton climbed back to his coach, holding his cup of water. "It's all right," he told Sesnik. "I was asking the man if it was drinkable. Perhaps he didn't understand me."

The whistle sounded a warning blast.

There was movement again. A lurch, a pull. Karazelos scrambled on board and slammed the door. All the militiamen seemed to be in the first coach. The corridor was full of them. The train developed speed till it swayed and rattled alarmingly.

BURTON looked through the window and saw the moving shadow at the side of the permanent way. He blinked his eyes and looked again, then nudged Anna.

The racing shadow was of an engine and one coach. There was nothing else. The rest of the train had been left behind at Yakovin. That guard fumbling with the couplings. . . .

Sesnik twisted in his seat. "The driver must be mad," he exclaimed. "There will be an accident in a moment."

Faster and faster. Then a glimpse of a bleak collection of weather-toned

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ruins and people moving among them. A flash, the flick of a camera shutter. Ranawitz.

Sesnik saw it. He pulled his bulky body up from the seat, but was thrown back again by the rocking and swaying of the coach. He pulled himself up a second time, gasping. His moon face was blotched with anger.

"Ranawitz!" he gasped. "Ranawitz! Stop the train! Stop!" He reached for the emergency lever with his fat hand. At that moment Karazelos rolled back the door and poked him in the waistcoat with the muzzle of a Luger.

"Sit down!" Karazelos commanded, and a lurch of the careering coach sent Sesnik sprawling. The Greek took the opposite seat. In the corridor the militiamen were grinning, but they grinned with their hands on their pistols.

Sesnik's bassoon became a shrill oboe. "Arrest that man!" he screamed, pointing at Karazelos.

The false militiamen laughed out loud. Karazelos moved his Luger menacingly.

"You'd better settle down to it, Sesnik," Burton advised him. "I wanted to get off at Ranawitz, too, but I don't mind going on. It suits me fine."

"Going on? Where are we going?" Karazelos answered. "Across the frontier. Into the American zone."

"You're mad!" Sesnik turned frantically to Burton. "We're in the hands of a criminal lunatic. The frontier guard has orders to shoot. The viaduct is mined. We'll all be blown up."

"What will your guards shoot at?" the Greek demanded. "Will they blow up a good viaduct to stop a runaway engine with one coach? We'll be across the viaduct before they can pull a switch. They won't even see us till we're out of the tunnel."

"Madman! Murderer!" Sesnik tried to rise, but was promptly thrust back. There was a commotion in the corridor. The unwilling passengers were causing trouble. A shot was fired. Women started to scream.

"You knew of this, Burton!" Sesnik gasped. "You've joined in it to help that girl. You'll both go back as prisoners, and your paper won't be able to help you!"

Burton ignored him. He held Anna close, his arm round her. "Don't worry," he told her. "I'll be with you all the time now."

The time might be very brief. The engine and coach clattered and roared into a tunnel, *the* tunnel. The noise stayed the commotion in the other compartments. There was no more screaming. The grim silence of waiting was wrapped in the din of the dark passage. The locomotive might have been plunging into a pit.

Minutes, interminable minutes. Then they flashed into the glare of day again and were on the curving viaduct, the last span before the frontier post.

THOSE who could crowd to the windows saw the uniformed guards running frantically on the other side of the gorge. They saw the long, painted beam of the wooden barrier across the rails at the actual borderline. It seemed to rush towards them as they watched, and then they were warned against watching.

"Down, everybody!" Karazelos shouted, and the cry was taken up along the corridor.

Anna and Burton ducked, but Sesnik sat doggedly in his corner, defying fate. Others complied with the order, just in time. Sesnik shrank back as bullets shattered the glass of the windows and thudded into the woodwork. The patter of metal against the steel sheath of the coach was like hail on a tin roof.

Then, subduing everything else, came the giant roar of a mine. The coach lurched drunkenly but sped on behind its engine. A crash. The beam was shattered and the train was through, rushing on down a long cutting, along the road to freedom. . . .

At the frontier post they all found themselves under arrest. The young lieutenant who received them was not quite sure what to do. He

"That's it, dear. Now let's see, if we have the sofa over here . . ."

asked for instructions from area headquarters, and the area officer found it necessary to get in touch with a higher command. Nothing like this had happened before. The young lieutenant became rather tired of explaining it all to one after another of his superiors.

"Yes, sir, a train. That's to say, a locomotive and day coach. Dashed across the viaduct and crashed the gate. The Reds opened fire, then exploded a mine this side of the viaduct. A section of the track was ripped up, but just too late to stop the train. Two of the passengers were hit by bullets, not seriously. . . . Did you say how many bullets? . . . Oh, passengers! Sixty-eight in all.

"Thirty-seven of them are claiming asylum. One of them says he's Charles Burton of the London *Star-Dispatch*. . . . Yes. He's alongside me now. Wants to get through to his Vienna office with his secretary. . . . Very well, sir. I'll wait."

SENIOR officers arrived, examined the bullet-riddled coach, and started to question the prisoners. Burton and Anna waited with Karazelos.

Sesnik would have nothing to do with any of them. He had stormed and protested and complained, demanding that the whole coachload should be sent back across the frontier in his charge. "I place them all under arrest!" he shouted. "They are traitors, criminals, assassins!"

"You're out of your territory," the lieutenant had told him. "They're in my custody. That goes for you, too."

"I wish to make a formal complaint. I demand that you get in immediate communication with the representative of my country in Vienna."

"You'll have to wait till the colonel comes."

The colonel had come, but now Sesnik was less sure of himself. He stood in isolation, a dejected figure. The colonel dealt with the others first; those who wanted protection and those who wished to be sent back. At last it was Sesnik's turn, and, for some reason, his anger had evaporated; the bassoon was dulcet, almost ingratiating.

"Well?" the colonel asked. "What do *you* wish to do?"

Sesnik teetered on his shining shoes. "Now that I am here," he answered, "I will stay. I wish to be treated as a political refugee." Suddenly his jaw dropped and a look of pure astonishment spread over his face. "In fact," he added in wonderment, "I *am* a political refugee!"

Karazelos was annoyed. Did they think Settembrini was a philanthropist, running people across the frontier free of charge? It wasn't right.

He shrugged in disgust. "It isn't business," he muttered; but he muttered in Greek, and neither Burton nor Anna Maras heard him.

They were free.

THE END

"The Maras Affair," by Eliot Reed, will be published in book form in September, by Collins, price 9s. 6d.

THE FIGHTING FROGS

Continued from page 17

outward sign of it beyond the clicking of his teeth.

A young woman traveller had persuaded Mr. Gorpender to place an order for hot-water bottles. When Mr. Whale came, the following week, to help unpack the crate that arrived, he found rabbits, gnomes, Teddy bears and Snow Whites.

"I meant to—to tell you," Mr. Gorpender said feebly.

"Tell me—what?" Mr. Whale had suddenly become still, except for the teeth which were working almost imperceptibly.

"I thought it would brighten the counters . . . for the kiddies."

"A hot-water bottle is a medical necessity. You would not dispute that?"

"Of course. I mean—a child going to bed hugging . . ."

Mr. Gorpender let it trail and die. He could hear the steady click of Mr. Whale's teeth. He had to sell the bottles surreptitiously from under the counter when his partner was not about.

For weeks after that, Mr. Whale's manner had been exaggeratedly courteous, but his eyes were as cold as any fish's.

There had been nothing like it since the time Mr. Gorpender had attempted to introduce into the "frog" window a large colour picture of the head of a smiling girl. It advertised dentifrice.

That was the time that Mr. Gorpender came to realize how passionately for Mr. Whale that window display represented the dignity and the tradition of his profession.

Mr. Whale was now speaking to Mr. Gorpender.

"Perhaps you would be so good as to hand me my tobacco?"

Mr. Gorpender obligingly did so, and slid a box of matches over the cloth.

"You are going out tonight," said Mr. Whale.

"I had thought of it."

"I am retiring," Mr. Whale stated. "I shall read in bed. If you are late, Charles, be as quiet as you can."

"I'll remember," Mr. Gorpender said.

MR. GORPENDER returned from the club shortly before midnight and made his way on tiptoe up to his bedroom. He was soon asleep himself.

But not for long. For this was a night when things were destined to happen.

Mr. Gorpender found himself sitting up in bed half awake with the smell of burning in his nostrils. When he opened his bedroom door the reek made him recoil. He pulled on his trousers and hurried down the stairs and when he turned the knob of the dispensary the door forced his hand back and a burst of hot smoke enveloped him. He could just manage to get the door shut again. The panels were hot to his hand.

Mr. Gorpender remained cool. He thought of telephoning but he was only too familiar with the telephone service of these times and decided he could not afford the delay.

He roused Mr. Whale, dragging him, to his immense indignation, out of bed.

"The — Dispensary — is — ON — FIRE!"

Mr. Whale woke up fully and he had the presence of mind to reach out a hand and snatch his teeth out of the tumbler by the bed and thrust them like a sandwich into his mouth.

"You can't run out into the street in your nightshirt," Mr. Gorpender pointed out. He was collecting papers and photographs—anything he could lay his hands on—and throwing them into a suitcase.

They could hear the crackle of flames downstairs now and the boards of the floor were growing hot. Mr. Whale seemed an age pulling on his trousers. His face had a bewildered, hurt look. He kept saying: "The shop. The shop."

"You must hurry," Mr. Gorpender insisted. But at the same time he was scratching about like a distracted hen, choosing this and rejecting that. Something exploded downstairs with an ominous bump. "Alcohol," Mr. Gorpender said aloud.

"Oh, dear—the shop!"

"Hurry, man!" Mr. Gorpender ordered.

When they reached the head of the stairs leading to the front door of the house, an acrid belch of smoke and flame leapt at them. Sheltering his eyes in the crook of his elbow, Mr. Gorpender looked down and saw the bottom of the stairway was well alight. No one could live through that. He turned his partner round and ran him to the stairs that connected with the shop. The crackle was louder but there was less smoke. He placed the suitcase on the stairs and it tobogganed down. It hit the bottom and appeared to be waiting for them to follow.

Mr. Gorpender pushed Mr. Whale before him down the stairs. "Cover your face and run across the shop and out," he ordered.

But Mr. Whale chose that moment to turn slowly round and collapse on legs that folded.

Mr. Gorpender took warning. He dropped to his hands and knees so that he could keep his head close to the floor. He began to roll and push his partner across the shop until he got him to the door. He unbolted the door and rolled Mr. Whale through the door and out on to the pavement. A belch of hot gas followed them.

FOR a while Mr. Gorpender was too grateful at their escape to do anything further. Then he remembered the suitcase. He began to crawl back. The dispensary door was a panel of flame now and the shop was full of lurid light. Mr. Gorpender drew a deep breath and held it. He shielded his eyes against the bite of the smoke and groped. Tongues of flame leapt out here and there but he dodged them. He found the case and dragged it out and placed it on the pavement beside the unconscious Mr. Whale.

Flames now filled the shop, bulging out wherever a crevice or a broken pane allowed. Snakes of oily smoke crept up the outside of the building. It was in this moment that Mr. Gorpender saw against a sudden belch of flame the duelling frogs. The swords were still crossed and their paws were raised behind their backs.

A peculiar feeling began to take possession of Mr. Gorpender then. He saw the famous frogs as if caught in mid-action against a background of flame and burning and something in the picture crystallized that which had been with him for many years. The dramatic scene brought to a head his relations with his cousin, Mr. Whale. The famous Fighting Frogs could not be allowed to burn.

Mr. Gorpender crawled back to the street door of the shop and pushed it open with his extended foot, then he drew a deep breath and plunged in again. The fumes now choked him and the heat came at him with the force almost of a physical blow, but he kept low against the still cool flooring and made his way round to the window.

He groped and found the frogs and thrust them, still intact, under his jacket. It did not take him long to get outside again.

Mr. Gorpender now drew the fighting frogs from out of cover and for a while he looked at them, lovingly. You might almost say he gloated over them. He was still possessed by the idea that here were the famous frogs and here he was touching them, *moving* them. Here he was carrying them right out of the shop into the street! And all the while Mr. Whale was unable to move a finger to stop him. Mr. Whale was not even in a condition to know what was happening.

Mr. Gorpender now pushed to his feet ready for the great moment that had inspired his last sortie. He placed the frogs with a tenderly solicitous hand on the pavement in front of him. Then he kicked them savagely into the centre of the fire.

A moment later he was dragging the prostrate Mr. Whale farther down the street.

THE END

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IN THE WET

Continued from page 12

a shower and wash your shirt and pants. They'll be dry before ten, and it'll pass the time. I've got to go up to the hospital, but I'll be back by then, and I'll shout you a drink for Black Joke."

"It might pass the time, at that," he said. "Up by the church?"

"That's right," I said. "You'll find soap and everything up there. A razor, if you want to use it. I'll be back before ten, and then we'll come back here and have a beer."

I didn't stay long at the hospital. When I was ready to go, Nurse Templeton asked me to stay for a cup of tea; they usually gave me morning tea when I went to the hospital.

I went into the sitting-room where Sister Finlay was pouring out. There were only two of them to staff the little place. "I mustn't stay long," I said. "I've got Stevie up in my house waiting for me."

"For heaven's sake!" said Sister Finlay. "What's he doing there?"

"Having a bath," I replied.

Nurse Templeton looked up, giggling. "He usually has that here."

"Do you see a lot of him?" I asked.

"Do we not!" said Sister Finlay, sighing a little. "He's a horrible old man. He gets drunk or gets in a fight, or just falls down and hurts himself, and then he comes to us and we have to patch him up."

"He's a bit of a nuisance, is he?"

She nodded. "He'd be all right if it wasn't for the drink. It's not as if he was a vicious man. But the drink's got him now, and he's got to have it. That, or something else."

"Something else?"

She said, "He lives out in the bush, with that Chinaman who brings in vegetables. Out on Dorset Downs."

"I know. I ought to go out there some time and visit them."

She glanced at me but did not say anything.

I left the hospital soon after that and went back to the vicarage. Stevie had washed himself and was now sitting on the rotten veranda steps with my towel around his waist while his shirt and trousers, newly washed, hung in the sun over the rail. Clothes dry in ten minutes in North Queensland, in the Dry.

"I had a shower," he said. "My word, I'm crook today." He licked his dry lips. "You got a whisky, cobber?"

"I'm afraid I haven't," I replied. "I don't keep anything up here. The hotel will be open in ten minutes." I paused. "Going out to the track today?"

"Suppose so," he said listlessly. "I done my money, so I won't be betting." He reached for his shirt and trousers and began to clothe his skinny, scarred body.

"That was a good tip you gave me yesterday," I remarked. "What made you think that Black Joke was in the running against Frenzy?"

"Aw, something was bound to happen in the last race," he said. "Nothing hadn't happened up till then, but something was bound to happen. I knew that three nights ago, out in the bush. I know when something's going to happen—I do, cobber." He rambled on as he pulled his dirty boots on his bare feet. "Crackpot Stevie," he said resentfully. "That's what they call me. But I know more'n any of them. I'll show them all one day. I know more than any of them. Mark my words."

"Of course you do," I said. "Come on down to the hotel and I'll shout a beer, if it'll clear your head."

He came forward with alacrity, buttoning his trousers as he came.

"They tell me you were in the Flying Corps in the first war," I remarked. "Is that right?"

"Ninth Batt. and R.F.C.," he told me. "That's what I was. Sergeant-pilot, maternity jacket 'n all, 'n wings on it, flying R.E.8s artillery spotting. Armentears, St. Omer, Béthune—I know all them places, 'n what they look like from on top. I know more than any of them, cobber."

"I'll stand you one beer and then I'll have to go," I told him as we entered the bar. "If you'll take my advice, you'll go, too." He did not answer that, and when I left the bar he was deeply involved in rounds of drinks, and looking a lot better, I must say.

I did not see him that day at the races. He was in the bar at teatime, rather drunk, but I avoided getting drawn into the bar that night.

I went to the dance later on to put in an appearance for half an hour. The ladies' committee had done their best to decorate our rather sombre Shire Hall, and they managed to produce an orchestra composed of Mrs. Fraser at the piano, the half-caste Miss O'Brien with her violin, and Peter Collins with his cornet. Everybody seemed to be having a good time and I stayed there till about eleven o'clock, when the fight took place.

It happened on the veranda outside the bar of the Post Office Hotel. When I heard about it and got out into the street to try and stop it, it was all over. The police were marching Ted Lawson off to spend the night in the cooler, one on each side of him, dragging him along and standing no nonsense; the crowd were putting Stevie, streaming blood, into a utility to take him to the hospital. It seemed that Ted had been very rude to Stevie, calling him Crackpot, and Stevie, very drunk, had hit out at Ted and by a most incredible fluke had knocked him down. Ted was a man of about twenty-five, a ringer on Helena Waters station, too young by far to hit such an old man. However, they fought on the veranda, and with the first blow Ted knocked Stevie out; as he fell he caught his left ear on the edge of the veranda or against a post and tore it half off, which made another job for Sister Finlay. There was nothing much that the parson could do about it till the morning, so I went back to the vicarage and said a prayer, before I went to bed, for wandering, foolish men.

When I got to the hospital next morning, Stevie was just leaving for the hotel. Sister Finlay had put a couple of stitches in his ear and dressed it, and he now wore a large white bandage all around his head. He had little to say to me, and we watched him as he shambled down the hot, dusty road to the town a quarter of a mile away.

"I'd like to see him put into a truck and taken out to Dorset Downs, where he belongs," the sister said. "He's all right when he's out there."

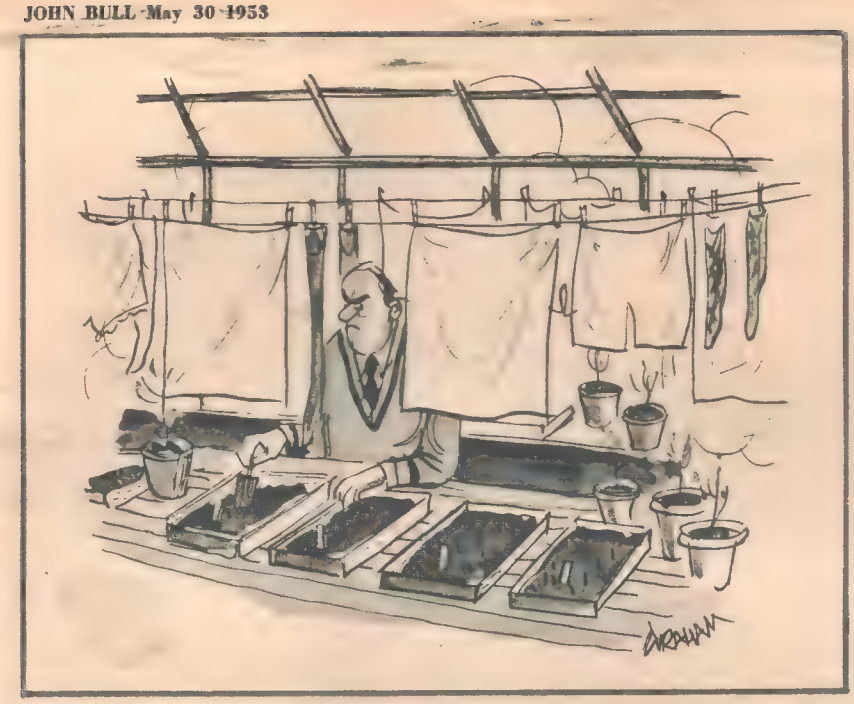
"I could try that," I said. "One of the men would run him out, if I asked them."

"He's got to have the stitches taken out on Sunday," she replied. "This meeting will be over by then, and he'll go on his own."

The police let Ted out of their little jail in the middle of the morning after giving him a good dressing down for hitting an old man, and Ted came back into circulation rather ashamed of himself. To make amends, for Ted was quite a decent lad, he went straight to find Stevie and to stand him a drink, so that bygones should be bygones. Bygones were still being bygones that afternoon out at the rodeo; Stevie and Ted were firm friends and half drunk, and the name Crackpot was being bandied about in the most amicable way without any offence at all.

That was the last day of the races, and there was a fancy dress dance that night in the Shire Hall at which I had to help in judging the costumes and giving away the prizes. Few of the men had managed to do anything about a fancy dress, but all the girls had attempted it and it had given them a great deal of pleasure; there were two Carmens and four Pierrettes.

The prize-giving was not till about half past eleven, and when it was over I was shepherded into the hotel by one of the men, Jim Maclaren, for some



refreshment as a reward for my labours.

Ted and Stevie were there, still drinking, still the firmest of friends, and Stevie was singing "My Little Grey Home In The West" for the entertainment of the company, singing in a cracked voice as many of the words as he could remember, and beating time with one hand.

I stood at the other end of the bar drinking the one beer with which I hoped to escape, and chatting to the men.

PRESENTLY Stevie saw me and made towards me unsteadily, clutching the bar as he came to steady his course. He came to a standstill before me. "You're Roger," he said. He held out his hand. "Put it there, cobber."

I shook hands with him, and again he held my hand. "He's the parson," he told the men. "His name's Roger."

I disengaged my hand. "That's right, Stevie," I said.

The old man stood holding on to the bar, swaying a little, his head grotesque in the white bandage. It suddenly occurred to me that he was half asleep. "He's a good cobber, even if he is the parson," he said at last. "He's a good cobber." There was a long pause, and then he said, "He's a good cobber, but he's in the wrong job."

"Aw, cut it out, Stevie," somebody said.

"He believes people go to Heaven when they die," said Stevie. "Harps and angels' wings." He turned to me. "That right, cobber?"

"Pretty well," I said. "I don't know if you'll go to Heaven, but I do know that it's time you went to bed, with that ear. Where are you sleeping, Stevie?"

There was no answer. One of the men said, "He hasn't got a bed, Mr. Hargreaves. He just sleeps around, any place he fancies."

I turned to Mr. Roberts behind the bar. "Got a spare bed, Bill? He should sleep somewhere on a bed tonight, with that bandage."

"That's right," said the innkeeper. "There's a spare bed on the back veranda. He can sleep on that."

I turned to the men. "Let's take him up there."

Stevie was taken up on the outside stairs to the back veranda and deposited upon the vacant bed.

"Now see here, Stevie," said Jim Maclaren. "The parson's got you this bed, and you've got to stay up here and sleep on it. If I see you downstairs again tonight I'll break your bloody neck."

"Harps and angels' wings," the old man muttered. "That's no way to talk."

Jim Maclaren laughed shortly. "Come on down, Mr. Hargreaves. He's right now."

I said in a low tone to Jim Maclaren, "I'll stay up here till he goes off to sleep. He won't be long. I'll see you downstairs later." It was a subterfuge, of course. I wanted to avoid going back with Jim to the bar.

"All right, Mr. Hargreaves." He went clattering down the stairs with the other men, laughing and talking, and their voices died away into the bar.

It was very still on the veranda after they had gone. Half of the veranda was in brilliant, silvery moonlight, half in deep black shadows, hiding the beds. Under the deep blue sky a flying fox or two wheeled silently round the hotel in the light of the moon.

"I could tell you things," the old man muttered from the darkness. "You think I told you something when I said Black Joke, but that ain't nothing. I could tell you things."

"What could you tell me?" I asked quietly.

"Being born again," he muttered sleepily. "All you think about is harps and angels' wings, but Liang's a Buddhist, 'n he knows. Old Liang, he knows, all right. He tol' me all about it. He knows."

It was somewhat dangerous, but the night was quiet, and I wanted to explore the depths of this old man. "What does Liang know?" I asked.

"About another chance," he muttered. "About being born again, 'n always another chance of doing better next time. I know. I got the most beautiful dreams, 'n more and more the older that I get. Soon I'll be living next time more'n this time. That's a mystery, that is." There was a long, long pause; I thought that he had gone to sleep, but then he said again, "A mystery. Liang says it's right, 'n no one ever dies. Just slide off into the next time, into the dream."

WHAT he said wasn't very comprehensible, but one would hardly have expected it to be because Stevie was very drunk. I asked, for curiosity, "What do you dream about?"

"You want a pipe for it," he said drowsily. "Lie down with a pipe, 'n the dreams come. All about queens and princes and that, and flying, and being in love. All across the world, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, all across the world, and carrying the Queen."

I stood by the veranda rail in silence, wondering at the jumble of words generated by the muddled, alcohol-poisoned brain. Flying—because this man long ago had been a pilot, though that seemed incredible now. Being in love—well, that lasts till the grave in some men. The queens and princes—figures on a pack of cards, perhaps. The pipe, and lying down—did that mean opium? It was at least a possibility for one who shared a home with an old Chinaman. A phrase of Sister Finlay's came into

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"Perhaps we'd better ask again a bit farther on"

my mind; had she been hinting at that?

I stood there silent under the bright moon thinking about all these things till the steady rhythm of breathing from the darkness told me that Stevie was asleep. Then I went quietly down the wooden stairway to the yard and slipped away from the hotel, and went back to my vicarage to go to bed.

I did not see much more of Stevie after that. The race meeting was over, and most of the people left town early next morning to go back to their stations. Stevie hung around for a couple of days, moody and bad-tempered because he was out of money and there was nobody left in town to stand him a drink. Finally, Sister Finlay took the stitches out of Stevie's ear, started him off with a clean bandage, and dismissed him. Somebody going out to Dorset Downs gave him a lift in a truck, and that was the end of him. Everybody in the town was glad to see him go.

I STARTED then to get acquainted with my parish, and set out one day for Godstow. I travelled on the mail truck and we stopped at every house and station on the way, perhaps once every twenty miles or so.

Sergeant Donovan was riding in the truck with us, because he had police business out in the same direction. We stayed at Beverley that first night with Mr. and Mrs. Maclaren. One or two matters that concerned Stevie were still running through my mind, and rather foolishly I raised the question of opium at the tea table.

I said: "Old Stevie said one thing that night in the hotel, Jim, after you went down. He said he gets beautiful dreams when he's lying down with a pipe. Would you say he smokes opium? He lives with that Chinese."

Sergeant Donovan said a little tersely, "No reason to think that. He could smoke tobacco, couldn't he?"

"I suppose so." Something in his tone pulled me up, and made me feel that there was more in this than I quite understood. I said no more, but later in the evening, Jim Maclaren had a word with me privately.

"About Stevie and that Chinaman, Liang Shih," he said. "I wouldn't talk about opium to Donovan unless you've got some reason."

"You think they smoke it?"

"Of course they do. Liang Shih smokes opium—what Chink doesn't? It doesn't do them any harm, no more than smoking tobacco. Liang grows the poppies in his garden out on Dorset Downs, along with all the other stuff. Donovan knows all about it."

I said, "But that's illegal. If Donovan knows all about it, why does he let it go on?"

He grinned. "Arthur likes fresh vegetables."

"You mean, if Liang Shih was prosecuted he might go away?"

"Of course he would. He'd pack up and go and grow his lettuces and poppies somewhere else, and then there'd be nothing but tinned peas in Landsborough. Arthur reckons that it's more important that the town should get fresh vegetables than that he should go out of his way to persecute one old Chinaman for doing what he's done all his life and that doesn't hurt him anyway."

Right is not wholly right nor wrong completely wrong in the Gulf Country. I said no more about the opium.

With that, I put Stevie out of my mind. I had more important things to think about, because the dry season was already well advanced and I had determined that before the rains came in December and stopped travelling I would visit every family in my parish, and hold a service upon every cattle station.

It was September before I was back in Landsborough, and there had been another race meeting.

I asked Sister Finlay if she had had Stevie up at the hospital. "No, not this time," she said. "He was in town for the races, but Liang Shih came in with the vegetables on Friday, and I think he went back with him." She paused. "He wasn't looking at all well."

I kept it in my mind that I should go out to the market garden upon Dorset Downs before the Wet, to visit Liang Shih and Stevie in their home. But a visit such as that came low down on my list of priorities; I could not hope to do much for them spiritually, and their house was off the

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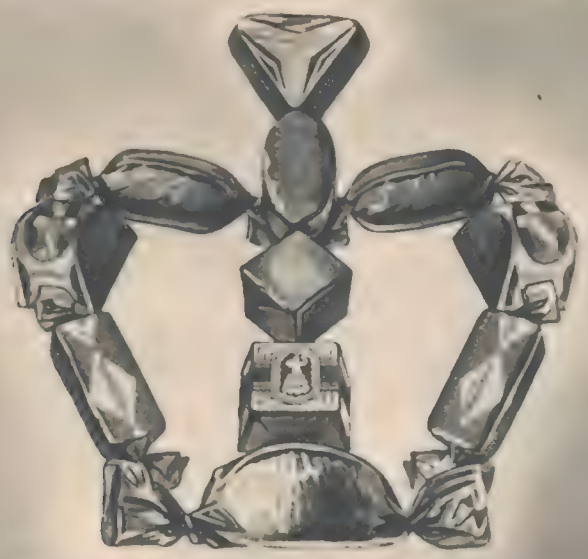
by ROFFE THOMPSON



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"What—a big strong man like you, Jack?"

"*Even a 'big strong man' can get tired and fed up, can't he? That's what I mean about a cigarette. Relaxes you somehow . . . now have a Capstan and stop taking the mickey out of me.*"

"Thanks. And you're right about smoking. This cigarette is making me feel quite friendly—even to a character who's grabbed my stool and made low-down cracks about my job."

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beaten track and difficult for me to get to without a truck of my own. I always meant to go to them before the Wet, and I never went.

Those last few weeks were very exhausting. November is always a hot month in North Queensland, and that year it was particularly trying. I was hurrying against time, moreover, to finish getting around my parish while travelling was still easy, and I took a good deal out of myself. I knew that when the rains set in about Christmas time I should have plenty of time for rest in my vicarage, since it would be impossible to move very far from Landsborough till March or April.

We got a few short rainstorms early in December and as usual these made conditions worse than ever, for they did little to relieve the heat and brought the humidity up very high. Every movement now made one sweat profusely, and once wet, one's clothes stayed wet for a long time. I got prickly heat, which is a thing I seldom suffer from, and the continuous itching made it very difficult to sleep. Everyone began to suffer from nervous irritability and bad temper, and everyone looked anxiously each day for the rains that would bring this difficult season to an end.

The rains came at last, a few days before Christmas. For three days it rained practically without ceasing, heavily and continuously. The dusty roads gradually turned into mud wallows, and motor traffic ceased for the time being. Landsborough retired into winter quarters, so to speak. I lay on my bed for most of those three days revelling in the moderation of the heat and in the absence of sunshine, and reading the fourth volume of Winston Churchill's war memoirs which an old friend had sent out to me from Godalming.

THE Wet brought its own problems, of course. I had to go down to the hotel twice a day for my meals and it was still so hot that a raincoat was almost unbearable; if one walked down in a coat one got as wet from sweat as if one went without one. If the rain was light I went without a coat, because wet clothes are no great hardship in the tropics. The difficulty, of course, lay in getting any dry clothes to put on; my vicarage has no fireplace and there was now no sunshine to dry anything. Mrs. Roberts was very kind and let me dry some of my washing by her kitchen fire, but the difficulty was a real one, and I often had to wear wet clothes all day and sleep in a wet bed.

Christmas came and went. We had a carol service in the church with "Good King Wenceslas" and "See Amid The Winter Snow" and Miss Foster had to spend some time and energy in explaining to the children what snow was, a task made more difficult by the fact that she had never seen it herself.

We had a children's party in the Shire Hall with a Christmas tree with imitation snow on it, and I dressed up as Santa Claus and gave the presents away. The aeroplane from Cloncurry brought us the cinema operator with his projector, three dramas, and *Snow White*, which none of the children had ever seen, so altogether we had quite a merry time.

After these excitements things went rather flat in Landsborough and the rain fell steadily. In these conditions and although I had been taking my pills, I fell ill with an attack of malaria. It was nothing like so bad as the first bout that I had had in Salamaua, and I knew what to do about it now. I lay in bed sweating and a little delirious for a day, dosing myself; Mrs. Roberts was very kind and brought some things up to my vicarage and looked in every now and again to make me a cup of tea.

On the second day Sister Finlay heard that I was ill and came to see what was the matter, and gave me a good dressing down, and wrapped me up in blankets and took me to the hospital in Art Duncan's utility, which got bogged a hundred yards from the hospital, so that I had to get out and

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Captain Boyd-Rochfort,

trainer of THE QUEEN'S DERBY HORSE

by Robert Jackson

walk the rest of the way. Finlay and Templeton put me to bed in more comfortable surroundings than I had been in for some time, and I stayed in hospital for the next week.

The fever spent its force after the first few days, and they let me get up for dinner and sit in a dressing-gown to write my parish magazine, going to bed again before tea.

I was sitting writing in their sitting-room on the afternoon of January 8 when I heard the sound of a horse and wheels. I got up and went to the veranda, and I saw Liang Shih draw up before the hospital in the vegetable cart.

I was surprised to see him, because we had had no fresh vegetables since Christmas and we all thought we should see him no more until the rains were over and the roads improved. It was raining a little; Liang was getting down from his two-wheeled vehicle and tying the reins to the fence. He had an old army waterproof sheet tied with a bit of string around his shoulders to serve as a cape; under that he was in his working shirt and dirty, soaked trousers; he wore a battered old felt hat upon his head to shed the rain.

I said, "Come in out of the wet, Liang. Nice to see you. We didn't expect to see you for a bit. What have you got for us?"

"I no got vegetables," he said. "Garden all under the water. I come see Sister. Stevie, he got sick in stomach. He been sick three days."

"Is he very bad, Liang?"

He nodded. "Very bad now. I want Sister come and see him, or perhaps he die."

SISTER FINLAY came out on to the veranda behind me. I turned, and told her that Stevie was sick. She nodded briefly, and I knew that she had been expecting this.

"Where is he sick, Liang?" she asked. "Show me just where the place is."

He put his hand upon his abdomen and rubbed it over a fairly wide area. "He sick here."

"Does that mean anything to you?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "It might be almost anything." She turned to Liang. "Has he been taking anything for it?"

Perhaps there was a tiny hesitation. "Hot cloths," he said. "I put hot cloths on belly. Very hot water, Sister."

"And that didn't do any good?"

"No, Sister."

"Why didn't you bring him in here with you?"

Liang said, "He no understand me—him mind away. I no can lift him, put in jinker. I no know what to do, and then I think better come for help."

She stood biting her lip for a minute. "We'll have to get him in here, Liang," she said. "He can't be nursed out there."

"He very sick," he said. "We take stretcher and put stretcher on the cart, maybe."

"What's the road like?" I asked. "Did you have much difficulty getting in here, Liang?"

"Or-right," he said. "Water near house, one mile, two mile." He put his hand down to within nine or ten inches of the floor. "Deep like that. Then road or-right."

A mile or more of shallow water wasn't quite so good, but the old horse could pull the light two-wheeled cart where no motor vehicle could go.

"All right, Liang," she said. "I'll come back with you. If we go at once, can we get to your place before dark?"

He nodded. "We start quick, Sister."

I turned to him. "How long did it take you to get in here, Liang?"

"I no got watch," he said. "I think two hours, maybe."

IT was nearly three in the afternoon, and in that overcast weather it would be dark before six. I turned to Sister Finlay. "We'd better get away as soon as we can. I'll come with you, Sister."

She hesitated for a moment. "You'd better stay here," she said. "All I want is somebody to help me get him on the cart and bring him in. I'll pick up Sergeant Donovan on the way out."

It was sensible, of course; I had only been out of bed a day or two. "I tell you what I'll do," I said. "While you're getting ready, I'll go on down and warn Donovan, so that he'll be ready to start when you come past with Liang." There are no telephones in Landsborough.

"That'd be a help," she said. "I'll be about a quarter of an hour."

But when I got to the Donovans' house, Mrs. Donovan told me her husband was away and was not expected back by nightfall.

I met Liang and Sister coming towards me in the cart as I walked back towards the hospital. "Donovan's away," I said. I swung myself up into the cart. "I'll come with you, Sister."

"I don't like it, Mr. Hargreaves. There must be *someone* who could come."

"I'll be all right," I said. "If we waste time looking for somebody you won't get there in daylight."

She said no more, because it would be most dangerous to go wandering about in darkness in the flooded Queensland bush; it was imperative that the journey should be finished in daylight. We stopped for a minute or two at the vicarage while I went in and picked up my little case of sacramental vessels and a small electric torch, and then we started out upon the road to Dorset Downs. It was raining steadily.

We plodded on through the rain, the old horse sometimes trotting on hard patches but more often walking and labouring in the shafts to pull the jinker over the soft ground. In half an hour I had lost all sense of direction; we might have been going north, south, east or west for all I knew.

We were all of us wet through in a very short time, of course, but with the temperature still in the eighties that was no great matter; there was little risk of a chill, because there was no wind at all.

We sat there in a row on the bench seat of the jinker, motionless but for the movement of our bodies as the wheels bumped and swayed over the

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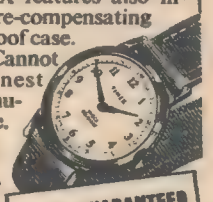

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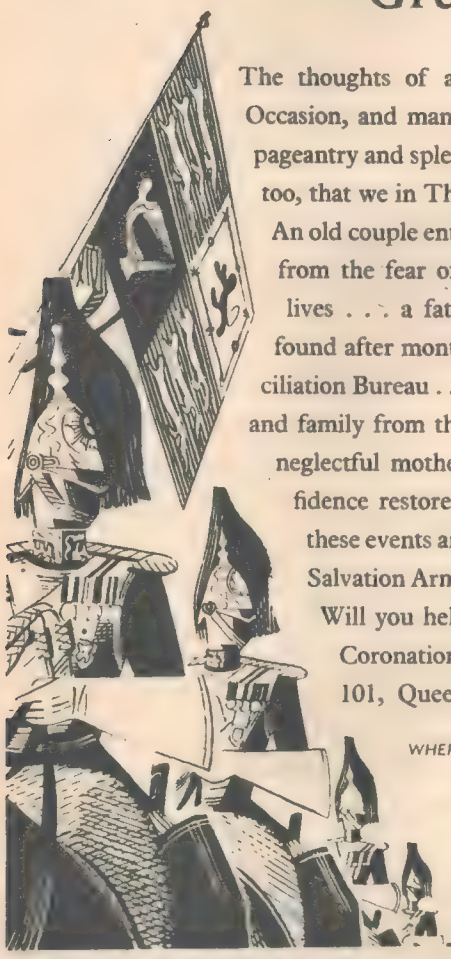

The thoughts of all are now focused on the Great Occasion, and many will be recalling former scenes of pageantry and splendour. But there are other moments, too, that we in The Salvation Army like to remember. An old couple entering a Darby and Joan Home, freed from the fear of separation in the evening of their lives . . . a father welcoming home his daughter, found after months of anxiety by the Army's Reconciliation Bureau . . . a young wife returning to husband and family from the 'Mayflower' Training Home for neglectful mothers, the past forgotten and her confidence restored. No banners were hung out for these events and no crowds gathered; but, for The Salvation Army, they were indeed great occasions! Will you help the Army's work? Please send a Coronation Gift to General Albert Orsborn, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

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The Salvation Army

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uneven ground, not talking, depressed. The grey, monotonous scene and the hot, steaming rain, and perhaps a sense of the futility of our mission to relieve this drink-sodden old man, all these conspired to rob us of all wish to talk.

Presently we came to pools and standing water on the road, and soon the pools were continuous and we were driving through water several inches deep, the old horse making a great splashing as he plodded on.

I roused myself, and said to Liang, "Has the water risen much since you came out this morning?"

He said, "No water here this morning. Water deeper now."

"What do you think about it? Will we be able to get to your house?"

"Or-right," he said. "We get to house or-right."

He kept on steadily, and though now we could seldom see the track it was clear that he never left it, for the wheels rolled beneath the water on fairly hard ground. With the approach of evening the light began to fail, or possibly it was that the clouds were getting thicker.

We crossed one or two small creeks, places that Liang identified carefully and where the depth of water reached almost to the wheel hubs. Presently, as we drove cautiously through one of these rising creeks, we saw a very unpleasant sight.

There were three or four Hereford cows standing on a dry piece of land quite near to us, part of the Dorset Downs station. One of these cows standing near the water's edge had a small calf running with her, only two or three days old. The cow raised her head to look at us as we splashed past, and moved in curiosity a little nearer to us, and to the water's edge. The calf moved nearer to the water, too.

I happened to be looking at them, and I saw the whole thing happen. The long nose of a crocodile thrust quietly up out of the water and the jaws closed upon the near foreleg of the calf; there was a great thrashing in the water and a struggling as the brute dragged the calf under. The thrashing and the struggling went on under the water for a time, and then everything was still. The cow did nothing about it, but stood looking puzzled.

Sister Finlay said, "We should have brought a rifle."

"I never thought of it," I said. "I should have borrowed one from Mrs. Donovan."

We went on in silence after that, busy with our own thoughts, and now the water was over a foot deep, and the light was definitely going. Presently Liang pointed with his whip to a ridge of dry land ahead of us, perhaps a mile away across the surface of the water. "House," he said. "House on land." And at that moment we went down into the hole.

One moment we were on firm ground and the next moment the old horse was swimming, and the jinker was rolling down an underwater bank pushing the horse farther out.

LIANG dropped the reins and stood up, and plunged over the side to go to the horse's head; he must have known the ground, for he was hardly more than waist deep. I hesitated for a moment, and then, shamed by the old Chinaman, I plunged in from my side to go to the horse on the near side and to lighten the jinker. The water was out of my depth, and I swam to the horse's head with the thought of a crocodile searing on my mind, terrified. My feet touched ground at the same moment as the horse's feet, and then Liang and I were on each side of his head as he fought and strained to climb the steep underwater bank and pull the sinking jinker up it. Sister Finlay was standing up, uncertain whether to get out and swim. I shouted to her to stay where she was.

With a series of strains and heaves the horse pulled the jinker up the bank and stood in a foot of water, quivering with fright. I was quivering

no less, and even Liang was disturbed, I think, because we all got back into the jinker in remarkably short time, out of the way of the crocodiles.

"Well, that's all right," I said rather stupidly, because one has to say something when one is frightened. "There must have been a hole there." And then I looked around, "Everything all right?"

And then I saw that everything was far from right. The tailboard of the jinker had fallen down, and Sister Finlay's case, and my case of sacramental vessels, were no longer in the cart with us. They must have slid out as the jinker was pulled up the bank, and they were nowhere to be seen.

"Hold on a minute," I said to Liang. "We've lost the cases." I looked under the seat, but they were not there. Darkness was falling quickly, and the water behind us looked grey and menacing, and deep enough, I knew, to hold a crocodile.

MY own case could lie there till the dry weather, perhaps, for in emergency I could give the Sacrament in a teacup, and had often done so, but the sister's case was essential. Without her drugs and medicines she could do little to relieve her patient.

"Wait a minute while I find them," I said, and slipped down into the water again, absolutely terrified. Sister Finlay said, "Come back, Mr. Hargreaves!" but I did up the tailboard of the jinker and started to walk slowly back, feeling under water with my feet to find the cases, miserable with fear. When I was about waist deep down the submerged bank my foot touched one of them, and I stooped down in the water and picked it out; as luck would have it, it was my own case of sacramental vessels.

"Here's one of them," I said. "The other one won't be far off," and I waded back and put it in the jinker. Liang and Sister Finlay were expostulating with me, but I was too shaken with my terror to answer them, and I started back into the pool to look for the other case. I could not touch it with my feet, and when the water was up to my shoulders I dived down, and searched for it under water with my hands among the mud and grass. When I came to the surface Liang and Sister Finlay were splashing through the water to me; they seized me and began to propel me back to the jinker.

"I'll find it in a minute," I said. "Let me have one more try." And Sister Finlay said, "You're absolutely crazy. This place is full of crocodiles. I can manage without it tonight."

"But it's got all your medicines in it," I said.

She was quite angry. "Get back into the cart at once," she said. "I don't know how you could be such a fool." We were all very frightened secretly, of course, or she wouldn't have spoken to me in that way.

We all got back into the jinker in

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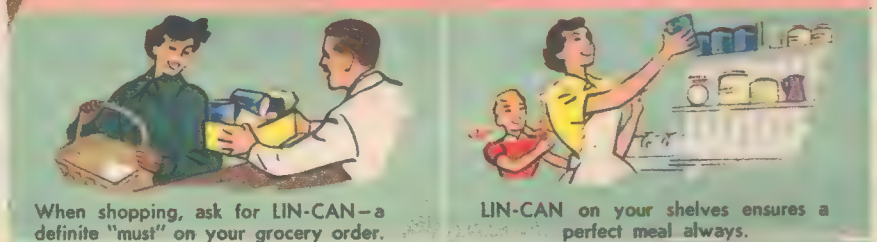

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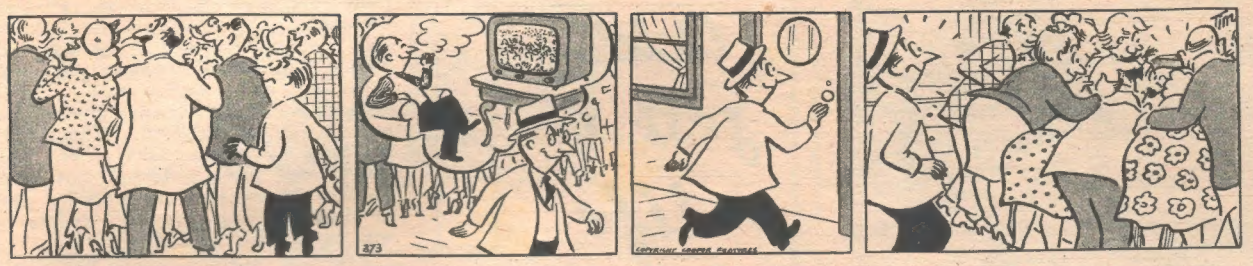
OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



silence, and Liang touched the old horse with the whip; he strained and we moved forward. It was really getting dark now; we could still see the loom of the dry land ahead of us, but I could see no sign of the house. I found out soon that the land on which the house stood was a ridge a mile or so in length between two creeks, which was so high that it was never flooded; the house was at one end of this dry ridge and we were approaching it from the other.

We plodded on through the water in the dusk; the water grew shallower and the old horse went faster, and presently in the dim light the track appeared before us winding through the gum trees, and we were on dry land. And then we saw a most extraordinary sight. The ground under the trees was covered with a light growth of stunted scrub and grass and bracken fern, and in this undergrowth were animals, hundreds and hundreds of them.

I saw Hereford cows and bulls, and Brahmah bulls, and scores of wallabies, and several enormous black wild pigs with long faces and savage tusks. There were dogs there, too—dingoes, perhaps, or cattle dogs gone wild and breeding in the bush. There were plain turkeys there stalking about like little emus, and there were goannas and lizards and snakes upon the track ahead of us, gliding off out of our way. All these animals had swum and walked and crawled and hopped and crept to this sanctuary of dry land among the floods, and now they stood looking at us as we passed in the half light.

I said to Liang, "Do you get all these animals here every year, in the Wet?"

He nodded. "Every year." He grinned at me. "I Buddhist. Animals, they know. I no eat 'um."

We plodded on through the trees, and now I was impatient to arrive. We had sat upon the hard seat of the jinker for about three hours, and I was beginning to feel quite unwell. I was feeling hot and I was having difficulty in focusing my eyes and thinking clearly. I was very much annoyed at the thought that my fever might be coming back again; at all costs I must suppress it till I got back to Landsborough next day. I felt that if I could get down out of the jinker and have a long drink of cold water and sit quietly in a comfortable chair for a little I should be all right, and be able to carry on with what I had to do that night without letting Sister Finlay see that I was not very well.

I was thankful when at last we saw the house in the last of the light. It was a poor little place of two rooms built of weatherboard with an iron roof; whatever paint there might once have been on it was now bleached and blown away, and it had weathered to the normal grey colour of ancient wood.

It was built on posts, as usual in that country, and a short flight of steps led up to a rickety veranda. A tumbledown fence surrounded it and stretched away into the darkness.

There was no light in the house. Liang got down from the jinker and tied the reins to the fence and went up the steps. We followed him.

It was quite dark under the roof and we heard him striking a match. A sputter of flame followed, and Liang made some kind of exclamation. Then he lit a candle that was standing in a saucer on a table; as the light slowly grew we could take in the scene.

To be continued next week

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UNBROKEN

Continued from page 15

second over, the third I did not see, the fourth scored a hit. Then the gun was silent.

"What's the matter?" I yelled.

"Breech jammed against round in the gun, sir."

How the devil did they manage that?

"Open fire with Vickers."

One of the two machine-guns on the bridge refused to fire at all. The other gave a feeble burst, coughed and was silent. At that moment the schooner ran up a large new Italian flag. I caught my breath and tensed myself for unseen artillery to open fire on us. I had to act quickly. "Stand by numbers three and four tubes," I roared down the voice-pipe.

Powerless to do anything but wait for an Italian shell to scream past my ears, I muttered a brief, heartfelt prayer. Then, from the voice-pipe: "Numbers three and four tubes ready, sir."

Thank God something's still working!

"Starboard ten," I ordered. Our bows, two torpedoes ready in the nose, swung towards the schooner. As she was only crawling along, I aimed my first "kipper" just a fraction ahead of her bows. "Fire three!"

Two-ton Monster

The boat rebounded, there was a burst of spray and the two-ton monster crashed into the water. To my disgust and horror, its bubbling wake passed ahead of the schooner. She must have stopped just as we fired. I uttered a string of curses that would have done credit to a sergeant of marines.

Incredibly, there was still no retaliation.

From the casing: "Still can't clear the jam, sir."

"Then clear the casing!"

The gun was trained fore and aft and locked in position, and the gun's crew returned below. I leaned over the voice-pipe. "Fire four!"

There could be no mistake this time. The torpedo was aimed at the centre of a sitting target. I cleared the bridge and waited alone for the macabre, but fascinating, sight of a two hundred ton schooner being blown to smithereens.

To my dismay, however, I saw no track racing through the water. The torpedo had disappeared! It was a nightmarish moment. As I wondered whether I had gone mad, there came the ear-rending roar of a thunderous explosion—*beneath our own bows!* Accompanied by a scorching blue flash that momentarily blinded me, it threw me against the side of the bridge and literally bounced the Unbroken out of the water. With a crash we slapped back into the sea, and as we righted ourselves there was a third uproar below as equipment and machinery were hurled across the boat.

April Fool's Day?

I climbed to my feet, still in one piece, but badly shaken. No serious damage could have been suffered below, either, or I would have been informed by now. Although dazed I could guess what had happened. The torpedo had refused to function after leaving the tube and had nose-dived towards the bottom until, at perhaps a hundred feet, the water pressure had actuated the firing mechanism.

I licked my lips and felt a chill run down my spine. *What the devil's the matter today? It's the twenty-sixth, not the first of April. . . .*

Back on an even keel we were again closing the schooner. There was still no sign of any retaliation and I reflected bitterly that they were saving their ammunition, content to watch us conveniently destroy ourselves. "Enough is enough," I muttered, and crossed to the voice-pipe. There was little left for us to do, but I was damned if I was going to seen off by a scruffy schooner. "Stand by to ram!" I called. "Stand by to board."

At this point Haddow approached me carrying, not the Bible—as well he might—but a book listing vessels on the protected run. As we neared the schooner, the boarding party ready in the conning tower, I waited for at least a machine gun to open fire in my direction. But we advanced in tense, uneasy silence. And then, as we drew close, we were able to discern the crew lining the deck, their hands above their heads!

"They've surrendered!" I cried. A moment later I could distinguish two minute flags flying from the schooner's masthead. They were about the size of ladies' handkerchiefs. "Lord," I murmured, "I think she's a p.o.w comfort ship."

By this time I could see her name, and as I read it out Haddow exclaimed: "You're right, sir, she *is* a comfort ship."

I felt a great wave of relief that I had not sunk a mercy vessel, but this emotion was soon replaced by black fury. I had wasted two torpedoes, had jammed my guns, had smashed a mass of equipment, had almost sunk myself, and had been made to look a blithering idiot—all because some cretin of a schooner captain could neither keep to a proper course nor fly a clean, decent-sized flag. I seethed.

"Stop both," I called down the voice-pipe. "Fall out boarding party."

It was then that another thought struck me—that it would never do for the schooner to report she had been fired upon by a British submarine. I remembered that Peter Churchill was proud of his linguistic ability. Here, then, was a chance for him to air his Italian.

"Captain Churchill on the bridge!"

A minute later he scrambled through the conning tower hatch. I handed him my megaphone. "Ask them, in Italian, what the hell they think they're doing in this area. Then tell them to get to the south where they ought to be. Put it over as though you're the captain of this boat."

The Bluff Worked

As he bawled at them it struck me that Churchill made a convincing Italian U-boat skipper with his grey siren-suit, tanned skin and black curly beard, and I was reminded of the night in Antibes Bay when we had pretended to be Frenchmen. This bluff worked, too, and the schooner turned away to the south after making some pathetic excuse about being blown from their course by the wind.

In a better mood now, I ordered: "Clear the bridge." I took a last look at the schooner, glanced round the sky to see if any aircraft were creeping in on us, saw the gun disappear beneath a white swirl of foam, and stepped into the conning tower as the water gurgled up outside.

Down below I discovered that the damage we had suffered was quite

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superficial and had made more mess than mischief. Nonetheless, it was necessary to go through the tedious and unpleasant task of holding an inquest. Why had the gun jammed? Some fool had rammed home a shell without removing the base clip. Why had the Vickers misfired? They, too, had been loaded incorrectly. Why had the torpedo failed? It had not been checked to see that its propeller was in the "starting" position before it was hauled into the tube.

I decided against issuing individual punishments. The entire ship's company spent the dog watches that day doing the severest exercises since the trials back in Scotland.

Later, in the wardroom, desperately tired and ready for sleep, I was greeted by a slightly damaged Peter Churchill. It appeared that Churchill had been asleep when we tackled the schooner, and the first he knew of our encounter was when the wayward torpedo blew him out of his bunk. For a moment he did not know whether we were still afloat or plunging to our deaths. To add to his confusion he was struck on the head by an electric toaster, and a pair of dividers stabbed him in the knee.

Badly shaken, he sheltered beneath the wardroom table wondering what the dickens it was all about, until I summoned him to the bridge. Hearing of this, my admiration for Churchill increased tenfold, for he had given no indication of the shock he had suffered when he gallantly hectored the skipper of the schooner.

Thoughts Of Home

During the final leg of the journey to Gib, I finished my last letter to Ting. I had written several on patrol and would post them in a batch on return to harbour. Needless to say, my thoughts were always with Ting in her Aldeburgh cottage. I would visualize her dancing on Saturday nights at the Brudenell Hotel, or walking along the front in her green slacks and brightly coloured jersey.

Aldeburgh was such a quiet, quaint old town that it never crossed my mind that it was a target for bombing and machine-gun attacks, in a perpetual state of alarm as the point where enemy bombers crossed the coast for their raids on London, and that it was windy corner for night actions in the North Sea against German "E"-boats. I am glad I did not know these things at the time. It was better to think of Ting and our child safe in a charming and isolated seaside resort—and never once did she write a word to disillusion me.

On May 2, exactly three weeks after leaving Gibraltar, we sailed back into Algeciras Bay, the crew lining the casing and the Jolly Roger fluttering above our heads. Entering harbour after a patrol is a moving experience, for mingled with the pride of the occasion comes the shock of realizing you might never have come back at all.

We secured alongside the depot ship Maidstone and I went aboard her to report to Captain Voelcker. Thinking of the misfortunes listed in my

LIFE WITH FATHER

Here is the missing person from the photograph on page 30—Coco the Clown, with his eldest son Michael.

patrol report I presented myself to him with mixed feelings, but he soon put me at my ease with a cheery: "Glad to see you back. Have a sherry." I did.

"We've had early information about the spies you landed." Voelcker continued. "All four of them are doing well. More than that intelligence won't say, but it's enough to show that you did your part of the job satisfactorily."

Our stay at Gibraltar was beset by numerous petty irritations. During our patrol, Laval's pro-German government had taken over in France, and there was a strong likelihood that French capital ships and cruisers stationed at Casablanca would attempt to break through the Straits to join the rest of their fleet at Toulon. If they did, it would be our duty to sink them.

The watch on leave had to be recalled from the rest camp, and we spent a tense week ready for sea at a moment's notice. Fortunately, the scare died down, but was immediately replaced by a different one—the threat of saboteurs.

Nearly Shot "Saboteurs"

The danger of sabotage by frogmen based on Spain had become very real, and our nights were constantly disturbed by motor launches chugging round the harbour dropping miniature depth charges on suspected intruders. Our own sentry was warned to "fire first and ask questions later"—an order that nearly led to the deaths of certain members of the army garrison.

A group of them decided to "capture" the Maidstone via the submarines tied alongside, and our sentry's dreams of home were interrupted one night by the appearance of two swimmers clambering over our bows. He drew his revolver, but some sixth sense stayed his hand. Instead of firing he challenged them, and they promptly "surrendered." In no time at all they found themselves under guard, very lucky to be alive.

When the frogman scare had died down it was found that one of our main batteries had become contaminated with oil from a leaky fuel tank and needed to be replaced. This was a major job of work and entailed removing part of the casing, lifting a cover plate from the pressure hull, and then hoisting out 112 cells, each weighing a quarter of a ton. It was a laborious job which kept the crew hard at work when they needed—and deserved—a rest.

Picnic Got Boring

Our troubles and breakdowns put in order, we were able to enjoy ourselves once more. There was plenty of bathing, picnicking and swimming, and the officers could go sailing at the Yacht Club. It was all very jolly and amiable, until a month had passed and boredom crept in. None of us was sorry when the news came through that we were off to sea again.

By this time we had been joined by two "S" class submarines, including the Safari commanded by the legendary Ben Bryant, and the Unison commanded by Lieutenant A. C. Halliday. When the Unbroken, United, Unison and Unbending went to Malta to rebuild the 10th Flotilla, the "S" boats were to help to form a new 8th Flotilla based on Gib.

The four of us were to take part in this next operation; the protection of a Malta convoy. An enemy cruiser squadron was known to be based in the Tyrrhenian Sea, and the four submarines were to take up a patrol line between Cagliari, the Italian naval base in southern Sardinia, and Palermo in Sicily. Unbroken was given the billet nearest the Sicilian coast, but as the four of us had to cover a line 180 miles long, the chances of intercepting an enemy force were not great.

How we cried out for more submarines! But there was none. Rumour had it that the Americans had been asked to send boats to the Med, but had declined, saying that their submarines were too large to operate in those clear, restricted waters. True or false, it made us feel proud.

NEXT WEEK: We run the gauntlet to beleaguered Malta

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY heads PRIZES value over £1,000!

CELEBRATE Coronation year with the millionaire's holiday for two which accompanies this week's *Bullets* First Prize cheque! You choose your date and resort: JOHN BULL provides car travel each way (up to a hundred miles), luxurious hotel accommodation, sightseeing trips, entertainments, camera and films—*plus £5 for any sunless day during your thrilling week at the seaside!*

Post by MONDAY, June 8, for that 2-in-1 First, 1,569 other *Bullets* prizes and this week's Crossword attractions—then look out for the giant offer on this page next week!

LUXURY WEEK AT THE SEASIDE FOR TWO PLUS £300 CASH—"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

(See details above—cash offer in lieu if winner unable to take holiday.)

1,569 OTHER PRIZES: £25, £20, £15, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 "Bullets" SEASONS,

1,500 "Use-as-you-choose" Prizes

"3-Luxury-Meals" AS BONUSES Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

NEXT WEEK'S MIDSUMMER MONSTER **£1,000** CASH 1st PRIZE FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

FINE HOLIDAY OFFER FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 840

1. One's not so good with a hole in it, however new
4. With flags you do this
7. A highly ambitious wife may well make her husband this
8. Sometimes a hall has to be specially this for a public entertainment
12. Once winter's gone, we sometimes get one of gay, sunny days
13. Damsel in distress does this for a knight-errant
14. Window overlooking Coronation procession route may for a good reason be difficult to

Down Clues

1. It's amazing to what extent a busy housewife makes use of her
2. If it's an emergency job, boss doesn't worry unduly about this
3. What wife may perhaps leave behind when going off for holiday on her own
5. One may be too heavily saddled to make fast progress
6. It's probably as well to smooth down, when a bit ruffled
9. Could prove greatly comforting to victim of accident
10. The sort of thing to make us laugh
11. Poor one may reduce boxer's chance of victory

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25

among 1st Runners-up and up to

25 SURPRISE PARCELS

containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value £1 or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES —one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 835 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Page. 2, Grip. 3, Grass. 6, Mill. 7, Lead. 9, Boon. 12, Toys. 13, Firms. DOWN: 1, Play. 2, Gall. 4, Land. 5, Cloak. 8, Must or Rust. 10, Mood. 11, Team.

FOURTEEN £100 SHARERS: T. Barlow, Edenthorpe, Doncaster; J. Beard, St. Helens, Lancs; G. Butt, Northwood, Middx; Mrs. E. M. Gordon, Hove; A. T. Heryst, Redbourn, St. Albans; W. H. Jones, Pontnewydd, Mon; Mrs. A. King, Coventry; G. Shier, Crownhill, Plymouth; C. B. Smith, Sidmouth; Mrs. F. Stone, Netherfield, Notts; Mrs. R. Tombs, Farnham Common, Slough, Bucks; Mrs. E. Wratten, London, E.15; Miss L. E. Young, Pershore; Mrs. Z. Young, Pershore.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 82 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

The Rose Of England
On The Peace Front
Honest Toil
Man Of The Future
Disease, The Dragon
To Get Prices Down
The Hour Is Late, But
Just As We Thought
The Australians
A Warm Welcome
Lasts For Years
Quite Unnecessary
Purgatory
Kept Going
Game Two Can Play
Redskin Alfie
Seen At The Seaside
Weather Permitting
A Spoil-sport
Swept Off Her Feet

Incomplete "Examples" —see Instructions

Set The.....Alight
In The Professor's.....
.....For Dear Life
Fooled The.....
Treated Like A.....
Ran Out Of....., So

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

"Bullets" Winners 1,883

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus £100 Shopping Challenge: Mrs. C. D. Watson, London Caravan Co., Barnet By-Pass, Elstree:

Riches Of Literature Bore You? Poor You!

£50: C. McLean, 110 Wear Garth, Sunderland: WHEN WE GET TIME—TO THINK—WE DAREN'T!

£25: Sgt. J. Buxton, Sergeants' Mess, New Barracks, Burton Road, Lincoln: WITH AN ACID LOOK—*Gold* OFTEN "INVESTS" *Man*.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: J. Beveridge, 77 Disraeli Street, Blyth, Northumberland: TO BEAT THE TERRORIST—REMOVE "CLAWS," THEN CAUSE! £9: H. Hampson, 60 Ronald Street, Liverpool: PATTER OF TINY FEET—FILLS THE "BLESSED" HOUSE. £8: A. E. Hunter, 83 Leigh Avenue, Widnes: THREE ON THE ROAD—ABREAST? ARREST! £7: D. P. Thomas, 18 Barmouth Road, Shirley, Croydon: RICHES OF LITERATURE—FILMED, BROADCAST, TELEVISED—*Read?* £6: T. Heaton, 172 Preston New Road, Churchtown, Southport: BLOOD ON THE ROAD—YET OUR ATTITUDE'S "ANAEMIC." £5: V. Ward, 227 Earl Street, Longsight, Manchester: DOG ON THE ROAD—UNTRAINED—OPENING *Death's* DOOR. £5: G. D. Luff, Flat 2, 170 Gloucester Place, London, N.W.1: TO BEAT THE TERRORIST—PESSIMISM—SEARCH WOODS, HEDGES——.

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. Winners of 50 Coronation Souvenirs and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been notified.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated June 27, and in JOHN BULL dated July 4), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

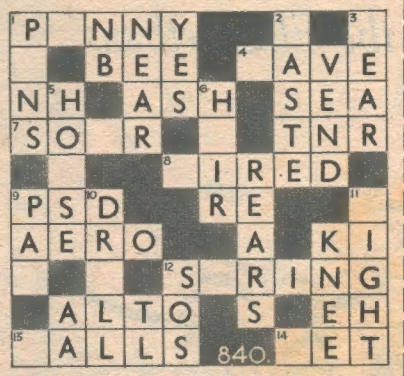
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 20, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,888 result.)

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 20.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **840** Closing Postmark MON., JUNE 8

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"Bullets" 1,888 (or Xword 840), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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B. .....

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B. .....

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MAY WE SEND YOU THIS GUIDE TO SUCCESS? For practical help with *Bullets* and Crosswords, stick 2½d. stamp on right—this brings you *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated June 20. 701

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

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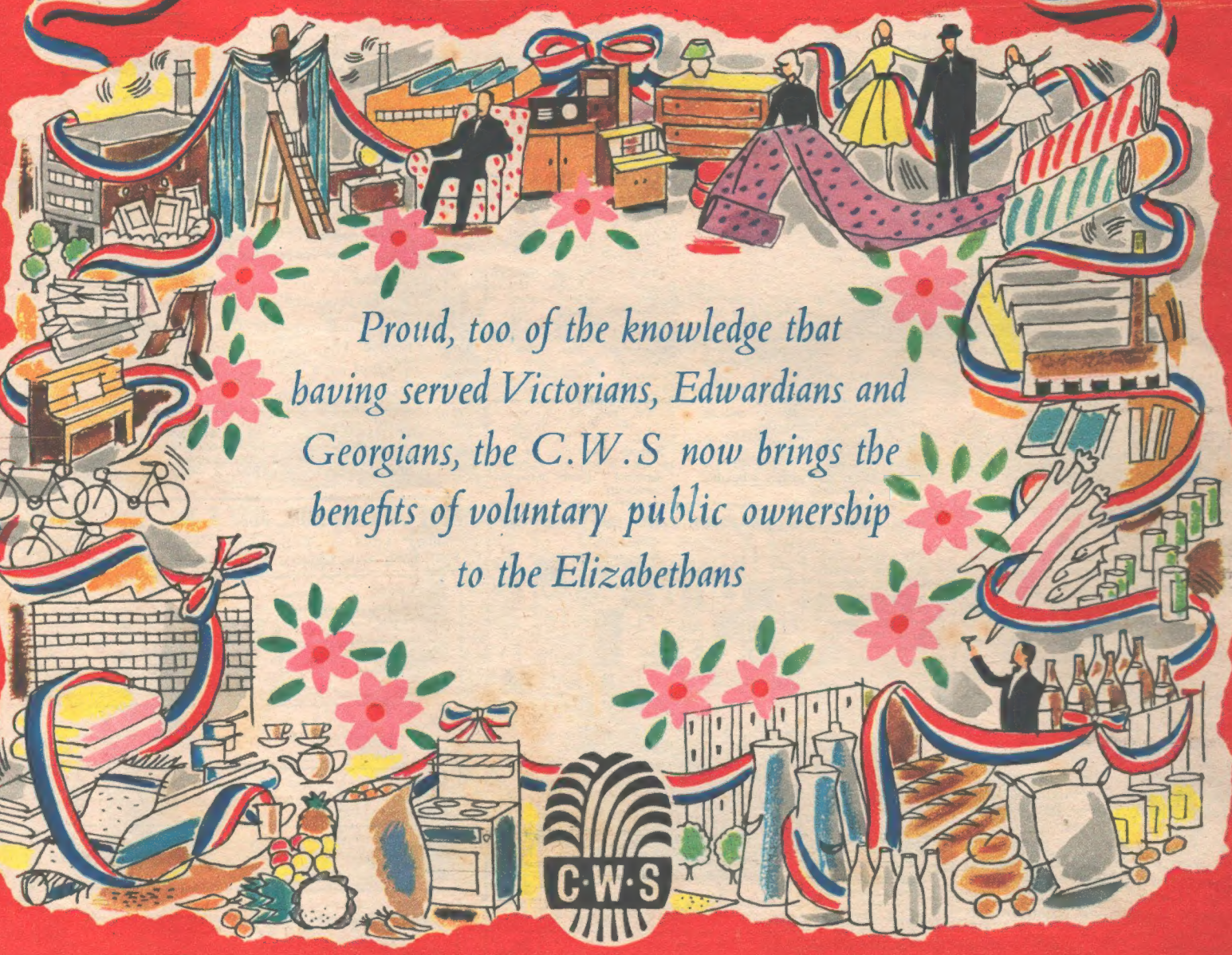

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